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NICK JAMES

Nick James has been writing his Headphones column for *SLUG Magazine* for an entire year, bringing a spicy, rare taste of DJ music culture to Salt Lake City. As a prominent local DJ, Nick has opened for many respected international DJs, as well as headlining Club W every Friday night. Nick is also a talented hairdresser at Divoka Barva Salon. nickjames@slugmag.com



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Attn: Kevlar7

c/o Dear Dickheads,

I have just one question, what in the Hell is "revival rock?" It sounds like something *Rolling Stone* or MTV might have come up with. Here's what Random House has to say about the word "revival": *re.viv.al*, *n.* 1. the act of reviving. 2. the state of being revived. 3. restoration to life, consciousness, vigor, strength, etc. So if that's the case, where does rock need reviving from? (Other than mainstream media attention, which I for one feel it's better off without.) I mean, if I had a time machine, I could go back to every year from 1954 onwards and find loads of kickass rock'n'roll bands. So Kevlar, please I'm dieing to know.

Sincerely,

—A dedicated fan

A dedicated fan of what? Grade school library class? Way to cite your fucking sources. This is the first research paper I've gotten in awhile. Why is a machine that washes clothes a washing machine and a machine that washes dishes a dishwasher? As soon as you figure that one out maybe you'll realize how big of an idiot you are for building a time machine when there are tons of bands of

a 'certain genre' that play old-style rock today. Suck it.

rom: Daryl McLaren

Date: Mon, 21 Nov 2004 14:27:17 -0700

To: SLUG <dickheads@slugmag.com>

Subject: Bad tippers in the SLC

Ghandi once said that you can judge a society on the way it treats it's animals. I believe you can judge a society on the way it treats it's local restaurant server.

Considering your local server only earns \$2.13 per hour (in the great state of Utah), you'd think that the clientele would help out on the tipping end, but not in Salt Lake. 10% is the average tip around here and i'm not sure if it's directly related to tithing or not. Lord knows you couldn't tip your server more than your heavenly father, that would be utter blasphemy. What boggles my mind about bad tipping i.e. (\$8 on \$116 of food, beverage, and service for six people, which is roughly 6-7% tip) is that it shows a total and utter lack of compassion for other human beings. Note that i received the above tip on Father's Day. So here i am, struggling like many other people my age, to earn enough money to further my career in college and get a degree but my fellow

human beings refuse to help me out even on a noted holiday. The problem with tipping is that it's not controlled and it's not set in stone. You can leave as little or as much as you want. Well in my time of serving i've come to realize that most people faced with the moral choice of leaving a good tip or leaving you angry and confused as to what you did wrong, will happily do the latter. I suppose my real confusion isn't as to what i did wrong, it's simply this: when did humans stop the easy act of giving?

—Daryl McLaren

Did Gandhi ever say that you can judge a society by its biggest fucking crybaby? Yes, Daryl, you're the only person in America that doesn't get paid what you think you deserve. Hold on while I call the authorities to sort this one out. Good luck in college and "furthering your career" when you're not even smart enough to quit your stupid shitty job and find another one. Welcome to the world, asshole.

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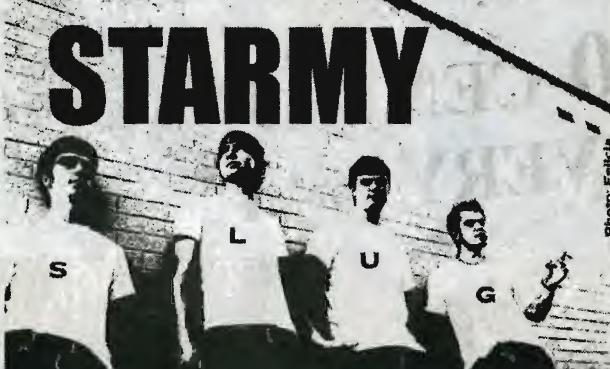


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By Camilla Taylor

Localized

December's Localized is an Ogden showcase. Although all of the bands play distinctively different music and are obviously from Ogden, none of them, shockingly, are metal. *Ghundi* will open for *Skint* and *Invisible Rays* at the *Urban Lounge* Dec. 10.



Burt's Tiki Lounge has changed significantly since I last was there. For one thing, they no longer encourage two-band maximums, freely allowing three bands to play together in one show. This is how I came to see and speak with *Skint* the evening they opened for *Agent Orange*. The bar was standing room-only by the time I arrived and the inhabitants of it looked as though they were in an 80s teen movie, but just a little older and uglier.

The guys closest to the stage when *Skint* played their unglossed punk were mostly wearing *Skint* T-shirts and, I can only assume, drove down from Ogden to support their friends onstage. *Skint* is the second Ogden band I have come across that does not play metal. Russel and I both asked why this was.

"A lot of it has to do with the smell of the dog-food plant. It gets into your brain," Joe explains. Heretofore, I was unaware that there was a dog-food plant in Ogden. He went on to explain their particularly retro sound.

"We're never caught up with what punk is today. Cause it's not punk. Punk today is lacking balls."

"Ogden's a blue-collar town and so we play blue-collar music. We're all blue-collar assholes." That they do. The lyrics are simple and straightforward. This band is anything but introspective.

"He writes lyrics about real events—about current events," George says about Joe.

"To me, classic punk isn't just music, it's a way of life. Not being a part of modern society; not being a part of the crap you see on TV or the music you hear. You're on the side of the fence flipping off the prefab. It's a reflection of your voice," Jason says. During their performance, they asked the audience members who voted to raise their hands. It was sad to see that only about half the people there raised their hands, but I'd like to think that the other 50 percent were too drunk to bother.

"The one thing I want to get across to people is that you don't need to be a political science graduate to have a voice," says Joe. He starts getting animated and gesticulating with his hands as he continues. "You don't like the way shit's going and someone tells you you're not well-read—fuck 'em. You people shouldn't be afraid to speak up. A new country will be founded on revolution and that's all I'm going to say about that." Joe tips his blue mohawk forward and gives his head an adamant shake.

Bill and Mike of *Invisible Rays* drove all the way down from Ogden for this interview and I was so hungover from seeing *Skint* the night before that I could barely formulate questions. Thankfully, the two of them were rather garrulous lads. They met us at *Todd's Bar and Grill* and got a pitcher of beer before settling into a booth.

"We've been playing together in *The Igniters* since the early 90s, but this band has been together for a year, almost exactly," Bill says. They describe themselves as minimalist rock. There is no guitar in their band, so by default, they are minimalist.

"I've just always wanted to be in a band with no guitar. I've been in so many bands with guitars," Mike, who plays bass for *The Debonairs*, tells us. So he and Bill formed a band that would no longer be dominated by the Spanish destroyer. "We wanted to mix it up a little. None of us are really that talented. A lot of minimalism and basic cave rock." They've been compared to *Devo* pretty often, evidently. Mike's got a bit of a Southern twang to his speech and more than once, he spoke about his home state of Ohio. Included in his reminiscences, he told us about the tiny and inbred town of Xenia.

The keyboardist, Heidi Belka, has never been in another band, but has lots of experience performing. She couldn't make it to the interview because she was stripping or preparing to do so or finishing having done so in Las Vegas. In addition to being

"I'm really deaf; too much loud music for too many years. Actually, it kind of helped me with my singing. Ever since I went partially deaf, I've been able to hit the note. Or if it's bad, it sounds good to me," Mike energetically describes his affliction.

At one point, they tell me that their original intent was to be a talentless *Smashy Smashy*, but instead, became what they are now. What that is, I can't really say, but I look forward to finding out.

professionally beautiful, Heidi is married to Josh of the Debonairs, a relationship which attests to how tiny Ogden is. Ogden also has a terrible mayor, or so the two boys tell me as they lament the loss of the street fair and the condition of the police force. For a town that I have been to twice and only for a few hours each time, I now know all of the major pieces of information about the place.

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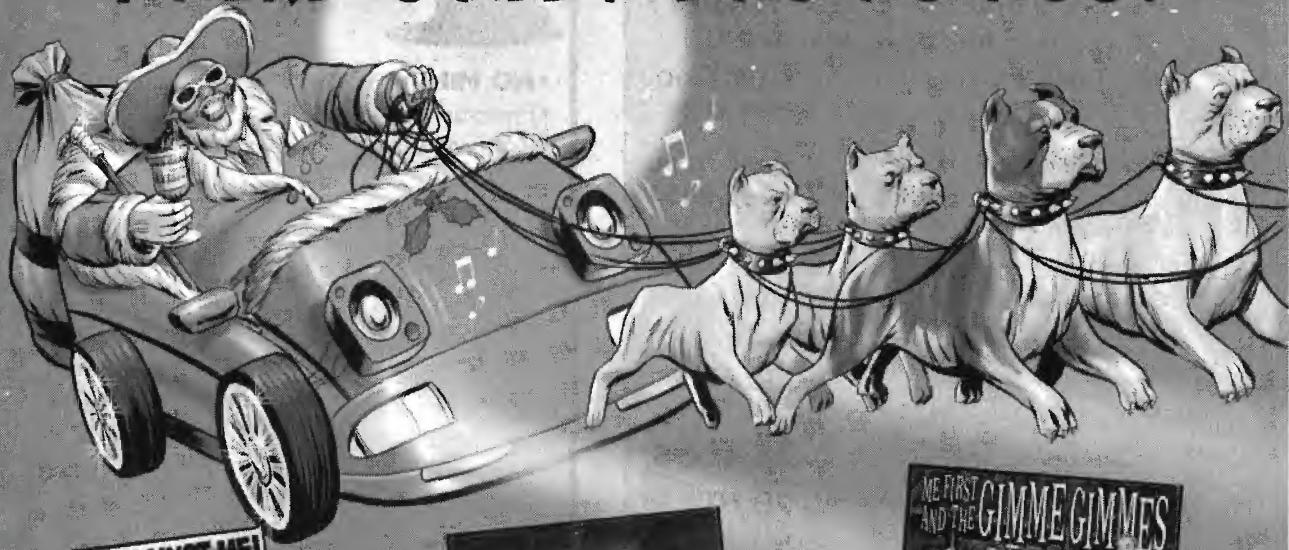
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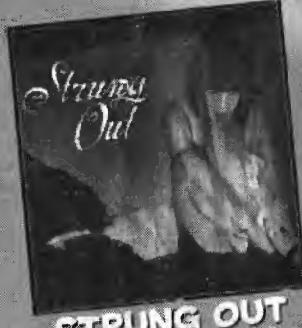
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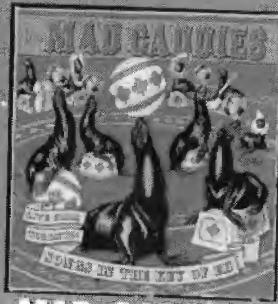
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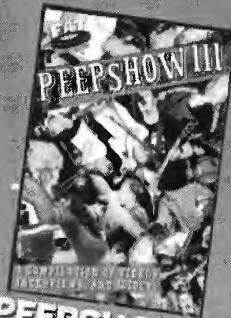
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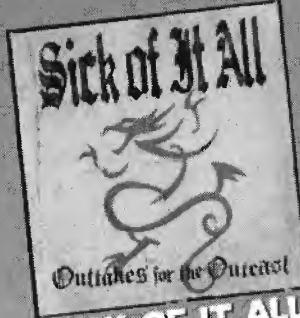
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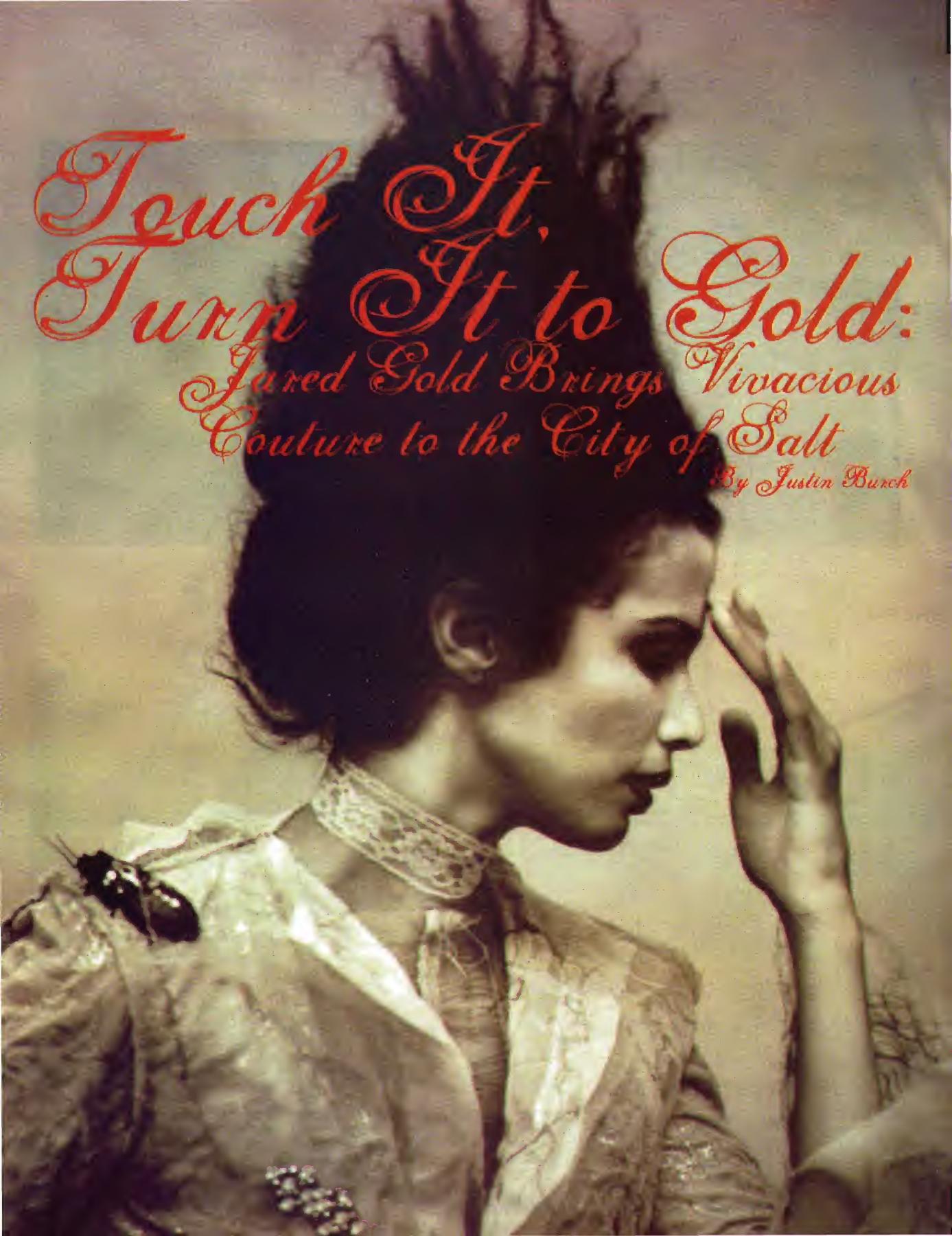
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Touch It, Turn It to Gold: Jared Gold Brings Vivacious Couture to the City of Salt

By Justin Burch

J

In a warehouse space full of clothing patterns.
 racks of jackets and skirts, boxes of scarves, enormous computer screens, sewing machines and genuinely interesting-looking people, a man with a full-length wool coat and camouflage pants directs the operation. He is the Idaho-born, Los Angeles fashion scene-weaned, fashion world upstart Jared Gold. With a new retail space in Trolley Square, Jared and his Black Chandelier associates offer a bacchanalian alternative to the typically bucolic Salt Lake shopping experience. Yet, unlike other outlets of fashion and feel-good hipness, Jared's scintillating designs will undoubtedly be kinder to your checking account than the *Prada* sweater you bought last year in New York.

After moving to an empty, spacious room above 100 South, Jared candidly discussed his unique career, his aspirations upon returning to Salt Lake with his business, the virtues and vices of contemporary fashion and the "over-the-top holistic environment" of the Black Chandelier store.

SLUG: Examining your resume that includes extensive music study, it seems that fashion wasn't always your intended career path. What caused the career change? Was there any sort of epiphany?

Jared Gold: Fashion just seemed like a really easy thing to do. It seemed really easy to make stuff. But it also seemed really easy to sell it and make people be interested.

SLUG: What was your first fashion success? What got the ball rolling?

JG: I was really obsessed with **Andy Warhol** in high school. I taught myself how to screenprint and I developed flavored inks. We then made shirts utilizing a transdermal medium; you sweat and drugs go directly into your body. This was 1992, so it was a perfect match for the rave scene. Then we decided to send some shirts to **Perry Farrell** and he was into it, so we started touring with **Lollapalooza**. The ironic thing was that they wouldn't let us sell our shirts because they were selling their own. So we had to learn to make clothing. That's probably how it started. No one at that point was making rave clothing, so we showed up in San Francisco at the beginning of the tour and sold everything in three hours. We drove back to Idaho with a roll of \$100 bills.

(It seemed to me that he was glossing over a step in the process. We can't all call the lead singer of **Jane's Addiction** on a Sunday afternoon to talk about creative T-shirt production. So, how was the connection with Perry Farrell made in the first place?)

JG: Lecturing at art and fashion schools, I always teach people that the only thing between you and everything you want is a fear of somebody or something. All you need to do is overcome that one step. So I said, "Call him; let's send him some stuff." I just badgered people and did it.

Be that as it may, why would someone with such interesting successes want to move his company to Utah? Apparently, our little city has something Los Angeles doesn't.

JG: I lived in Los Angeles for eight years with a lot of time spent in New York or London. After traveling, you come home and it's dirty and loud and some cunt in an SUV with a Frappuccino is trying to run you down. I just missed being able to wake up, go somewhere and have someone be friendly and helpful. You give up a lot leaving LA, but I feel much calmer now. I feel cloistered from outside design influences, which is important because in fashion, you have to do your life's work every six months. You have to completely reinvent yourself and your work which is easier when you're not surrounded by the fashion industry at large.

SLUG: In your marketing you present a "mantra of mass personalization." Do you think that this type of grassroots image creation is possible in our current cultural environment?

JG: All I try to do is make beautiful things. For that to be possible, we have to make money. Yet I want people to feel that what we make helps them identify themselves as an individual. We try to accomplish this by having more forward design elements, dark humor and an aesthetic that isn't based in sexuality. I've never made sexy clothing; I don't think I know



Jared Gold poses in his Salt Lake City warehouse.

how. But the people I'm reaching out to are sexy in their own ways; their sexiness lies in creativity and intelligence. So, mass personalization allows someone a chance to put on something that is funny without it being stupid. Funny, then, means that I've got balls; I've got confidence. It is important to me and a lot of other people to say something about the inside on the outside without utilizing a mass-produced, blind, sexual product. We are pounded with imagery and body types. But I am able to make, design and market things. All I expect anyone else to do is find it and find something in themselves. It is really a symbiotic creativity.

At this point, I inadvertently touched upon a "sore spot" for Jared. In the form of a mini fashion industry exposé, Jared regrettfully stated that he had a designer from **Bebe** say, "Sorry, we stole a couple of your designs." Yet he also seems to have come to terms with such plagiarism. He said, "Diesel knocked off from me directly. That's just how fashion works."

Considering such cutthroat competition, one would assume that most designers and companies would advertise as much as possible, relying on media exposure for financial success. Yet Black Chandelier doesn't advertise within the typical fashion publications. What's the secret?

JG: We make things that are very interesting. Magazines want their photo spreads to look interesting. You never see a pair of basic black slacks in a fashion publication. So hype is created. People want to come to your show; they want to see what you're going to make next.

SLUG: It seems as if a lot of male designers primarily work with women's designs. Is this a creative decision or more of a financial consideration?

JG: I've made men's clothing before, but marketing is very difficult. The market for men's clothing is incredibly traditional. Men don't change their wardrobes seasonally as much as women. Hence, style and trend move much more slowly through men's clothing. People always say,

"There isn't any interesting menswear." But after you make it, reaching them can be challenging.

SLUG: People might say, "Jared, these are idyllic thoughts, but I can't afford designer things. Hence, I shop at **Old Navy**." How then do you respond to the complaint that fashion defies affordability?

JG: In Salt Lake, you really have to shell out cash to get interesting clothes. That's what's great at Black Chandelier; it is cheap and well-made. Good design doesn't cost any more than bad design. We just do it more thoughtfully and creatively than Old Navy. Furthermore, we are going direct from cost to retail, so our prices stay in the range of **The Gap**.

Jared said his work relies on humor, irony and a play of opposites: "opposites exist for synergy." For Salt Lake residents, this may become more evident when Jared's new "well-dressed polygamist garage worker" line becomes available. But for now, we can cash in on a provocative substitute to door-crashers and layaway payments at the electronics superstore.

"I want to see how people react," Jared finishes. "It is a test to reach out to people who are not exposed to things like this. I have faith that people will be excited."

Opens Nov. 26, 2004 at Trolley Square. Be sure to stop by Black Chandelier for occasional performances and whimsical entertainment.

For more info, call 801.746.3435, and visit www.blackchandelier.com and www.jaredgold.com.

Extending Soul:

From being a choirboy to an award-winning vocalist, Chicago native Ron Carroll not only can play classical saxophone, clarinet, trombone and trumpet, but he's been on *Billboard* charting and DJ-ing house music for over a decade. Find out who he is in this *SLUG* exclusive interview.

SLUG: Who is Ron Carroll?

Ron Carroll: A jack-of-all-trades-master of *none* kind of guy who loves people and music.

Actually, the humble Ron Carroll is one of the most highly celebrated singers/producers/DJs in the house-music community. Starting in '94, he began writing for industry legends "Little" Louie Vega of Masters at Work, resulting in a No. 1 *Billboard* Chart hit, "I Get Lifted," which featured the diva vocalist Barbara Tucker. Since then, he has worked with Destiny's Child, Pink, Missy Elliot, Kim English, Frankie Knuckles and Mousse T. (to name a few).

SLUG: How did you start singing and when?

RC: I started in church when I was a little boy, but singing house music began around the mid-to-late 80s. I was actually that guy whose parents said "not to sing that 'sinner music.'" However, I realized that I could reach people at all levels in music, not just one kind.

SLUG: You recently were awarded at the House Music Awards?

RC: I won an award for "Outstanding Vocal." It was a great achievement to win something. That makes me feel as though my hard work is not in vain.

(Check it out: www.housemusicawards.com)

The "break" for Mr. Carroll came when he worked on a project titled *Superfunk* that released the song "Luck Star," which ended up selling over two million copies worldwide. More recently, Ron was featured on the hit single "Back Together," produced by Hardsoul. Not only is this disco-groove a hit around the world, it was "the track" of Winter Music Conference 2004. Wow!

SLUG: What is your role in the DJ culture?

RC: My role in the community is to serve people. I feel as though my job in this community [house music] is to help people love this music and for them to forget all of their problems when they're on the dance floor.

SLUG: And you sing live, while DJ-ing?

RC: Yes. I love to sing a tune! I enjoy interacting with the crowd, getting them involved with my sets.

Mr. Carroll says that his first musical heroes were KISS. Besides that, he was influenced to DJ by watching a disc jockey at his older brother's high school dances, and of course, his love for house music came about living in Chicago, the birthplace of house music. His first club DJ experience began in the late 80s at his own night club called *Banging Enterprise*, where he made a name for himself among the citizens of Chicago as a genuine DJ.

SLUG: What is "Body Music"?

RC: *Body Music* is my record label—and soon to be a way of life for many! It is a new concept in music that we have come up with. It represents a new breed of artist and sound that fuses multiple music genres together to create the ultimate feeling on the dance floor. I want to make superstars with this music—and for the American culture to love this music once again like they once did.

SLUG: As a DJ/producer/musician, how does it make you feel that usually the top-rated DJs are not of the house-music genre?

Who is Ron Carroll?

By Nick James nickjames@slugmag.com

RC: I really don't feel anything about it. The "hype machine" drives most of the world and right now, trance, progressive and breakbeat music styles and producers drive the machine. It's OK, because "one day" will come again, and house music will shine more brightly than ever.

The house music genre is one of the most underrated music types in the world. Ranging from vocal house (Ron Carroll's primary performance) to African or soulful (a blend of jazz and R&B), the melodic groove between the beat that distinguishes house music is often misinterpreted as techno and is often believed to be made for and by the drug culture, not by trained composers. For the record, techno is an outdated sound made in the mid-90s, primarily based on synthesizers. In comparison, house music is made up of 60 to 80 percent (sometimes 100 percent) organic instrumentation, composed with a perfectly timed beat of sampled or electronic drums all in sync for your dancing pleasure.

SLUG: How do you feel about the US government? Does its present actions move you to spread a more positive message to the world?

RC: I think that all of the government systems across the world—and the media—brainwash people into hating each other, not being free, and loving themselves or sharing with one another. So it is a must that I spread love and a positive word as much as I can.

Check out

**Mr. Ron
Carroll** live
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for releases on
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artists like
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Jjah,
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course, be sure
to catch Ron's
debut full-length,
Music is Life.



HEADPHONES

BOBBY & STEVE FEAT. BARBARA TUCKER

Bryan Chamberlai/Barbara Tucker
"Deeper in Love"
Zoo Groove Stereo

Featuring the outstanding vocals of diva **Barbara Tucker** (who has worked with DJs like Vega, Morillo and Tenaglia), one of the industry's most celebrated singers and **Bryan Chambers** (heard with Pet Shop Boys, Lionel Richie, and Cleptomaniacs), who has numerous amounts of No. 1 hits like "Raise your Hands" and "Never Let Go," the highly anticipated fourth release from **Bobby & Steve** is here! Innovation and production by James Ratcliff and the legendary brothers themselves, "Deeper in Love" will be in DJs' bags for years to come. It includes two mixes: A side, a full-vocal GJ-styled groove with electric bass, mellow Rhodes and funky horn hits; B side, a "deeper dub," this full house of track is the best vocal peak-timer I have heard! Thank you boys for this awesome track! www.zoogroovestereo.com

JON CUTLER FEAT. PETE SIMPSON

Runnin'
MN2S Records

Cut from the stone of New York's concrete jungle, this gem of a track, in its soulful and deep glitter, is more than a promise. Produced by **Jon Cutler** and featuring the smooth vocals of **Pete Simpson**, this lover of groove includes keyboards from **Mike Patto** (Reel People) and percussion from **Shovel** ("Bulo"). "Runnin'" is a milkshake of American talent and European artistry. On remix duty is the highly regarded production duo **Copyright**, who lend their Soulful/Defected floor-filling sound to this fresh-off-the-press 12". Receiving props from **Louie Vega**, **Blaze**, **DJ Gregory** and **Bob Sinclair**, without a doubt, this is not to be missed. www.mn2s.com

DUKE JOINT

Baby Don't Cry
Look At You Records

From Denver's **Look at You Records**, we have the latest release from this superb label. Featuring the vocal talent of **Earl Bennett**, this modern-day percussive ride takes you on an "old school" feel. Comparable to early recordings by **Murk** and **Kings of Tomorrow** (KOT), this soulful yet extremely bumpin' groove is the first installment of many projects to come by this newly formed duo. Produced by **DJ Dealer & DJ Sense**, "Baby Don't Cry" is receiving high marks by the DJ community and being charted all around the globe. It includes two mixes: main mix, subtle keys, deep bass line and full of vocal delivery; dub mix, continues on in a constant board line and a more simple approach on the vocals. Check out **Juke Joint's** latest mixed set in our CD reviews. www.lookatyourecords.com

DAVID HARNES/CHARLES SPENCER

The Taboo Jazz EP
Loverslap Recordings

Conceived and created by labelhead **Charles Spencer** and the legendary **David Harness**, this diverse three-tracker is worth your time! Love-side features "Breezy's Groove," laden with organic jazz-riffed guitar over a synthetic bass-line; it's a melodic complex mixed with syncopated rhythms. "Tribal Stomp" is possibly the peak-timer of this EP. Equal with the sounds of **DJ Gregory** and **Marques Wyatt**, this Brazilian/African sounding tune keeps it bumpin' into the night. Slap side holds the title track of this record. The long-awaited "Taboo Jazz" is a host of live instruments: saxophone, jazzy chords and 70s muted guitar; isn't it about time you picked it up? Also, check out "Heartbeat Vol. 1," mixed by David Harness, coming soon. www.loverslap.com

DJ EBAR

"In the Springtime"
Look At You Records

We're blessed to have one of New York's finest DJs on board, this month. **DJ Ebar** (a.k.a. Eric Reithler-Barros) has been spinning cutting-edge house music since 1991, and more recently, he launched his own label, *Sifted Recordings*, in association with his studio partner **Ramie Burns**. Now in collaboration with **Look At You Records**, we have his latest conception—"In the Springtime." Full of electro-synth and delightful piano, this melodic groove hooks you instantly. With DJ Ebar providing two mixes by himself, this mesmerizing piece of plastic is worth its weight. Rhodes piano, heavy kits and sonic sounds—just check it out! It includes a remix from Portugal's own **Roger Urb**, adding in that bit of spice. www.lookatyourecords.com

A preview of contemporary house music.
nickjames@slugmag.com

THE COFFEE KIDS

"Dangerous Frequencies"

MN2S Records

Causing quite a stir among the likes of **Miguel Migs**, **Sandy Rivera** and **Brian Tappert**, this jazz-filled flight will engage you on an energetic journey to club land. Produced by **Grieco Castelli** (coffee king) and **Gavin 'Face' Mills** (Copyright), this full-blooded house groove reminds me of a hybrid between "Rithmo da Rua" and **Grant Nelson's** "Free." The A-side is a funky and deadly tune with Rhodes, big beats and spoken word by **Foremost Poets**. The B-side is a **MN2S** mix, with a little more bump and dub to move your crowd.

This one has made a No. 1

on The Hype Chart!

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When I watch Shahravar dance, I am transported to another time and place—to exotic lands, spicy scents and multi-layered earthy music. There is magic and mystery in her interpretations, and an absolute excellence of technique. Her performances are always unique and beautiful—which comes from her obvious joy and delight in dancing—and translates effortlessly to the audience.

Shahravar is a native Utahn, heralding from the far distant land of Bountiful. Her only dance experience is Middle Eastern dance, which she began in 1993, and gives her a focus and purity in her belly dancing. Inspired by a performance by Zahrah at the *Utah Belly Dance Festival*, Shahravar was soon taking lessons from her, and not long after that, was performing as a member of Zahrah's dance troupe, **Desert Orchid**. To this day, Zahrah remains Shahravar's inspiration, teacher and mentor.

"I never thought that I'd be a dancer. I just thought it was a beautiful art form," she explained. "My first solo was at Robert's Deli on 9th South. I opened for Zahrah."

Shahravar specializes in Turkish, Lebanese, Arabic, Egyptian, East Indian, Tunisian, Spanish and flamenco dances. She is a skilled dancer with zils and veils, and has also mastered the difficult art of dancing with a sword on her head. She strives to be as authentic as possible, though purity of form for the Western audience is always a challenge.

"My personal style is an interpretation of all of many styles and cultural dances," explains Shahravar. "I pull from all the Middle Eastern styles I love so much. I find it difficult historically to say what dances are actually pure and what 'purity of form' truly is. The Spice Road trade was huge, and not only goods were exchanged, but music, thoughts and dance. It is difficult to say what is a 'pure' form of Middle Eastern dance, except perhaps East Indian and the deep desert tribes that have kept their dance history for many centuries. Even then, there has been much interpretation, influence and change."

Shahravar

By Astara

Besides performing, Shahravar teaches beginning, intermediate and advanced belly dance. She believes that each dancer first requires a definite core of basics, and then they can move on to more percussive and lyrical movements. She focuses on improvisational skills for her dancers as Middle Eastern dance is often performed without choreography. It is with live musicians that the dance really comes alive.

"I am so excited that Miles Copeland is giving this form of dance national recognition with the *Belly Dance Superstars* and presenting them on a stage. This elevates our art and promotes the dance in such a positive manner with excellent dancers and the diverse styles of Middle Eastern Dance."

Shahravar can be seen performing regularly at the *Cedars of Lebanon Restaurant*, and will be performing at the *Rachel Brice Concert* on Dec. 4, *Meeting of the Tribes*, *Spring Fest*, *Café Med* and the *Utah Belly Dance Festival*.

For more information about Shahravar, go to her website www.shahravarbellydance.tripod.com or e-mail her: shahravarbellydance@yahoo.com.



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Wetter in Blood

BY JOHN FORGASH

EPIC The Lamb of God precision attack is honed and ready to destroy everything in its ...wake. *Ashes Of The Wake* is the latest from L.O.G., and like its predecessor, *As The Palaces Burn* (2003), *Ashes...* is comfortably situated as one of the best albums of the year. *Ashes Of The Wake* also serves as the band's major-label debut on Epic Records. While the overall vibe of this release is on track with what they've done in the past, the technical playing and ever-increasingly complex song arrangements have elevated this album well beyond anything they've done in the past. The band attributes their "always progress" mentality to their early years, when they were known as *Burn The Priest* in Richmond, Va. According to bass player John Campbell, the scene in the Richmond area produced so many good bands that if you didn't continually get better, you were sure to get blown off the stage. To this day, Lamb of God still adheres to their rigid practice schedule by rehearsing five times a week.

The band's highly rhythmic writing style takes center stage once again on *Ashes Of The Wake*. This release is equal parts traditional thrash metal mixed with today's progressive death metal. Their music also contains a distinct melodic component. Layering, mostly in the guitar department, has an increased role this time around. Just about every song features dissonant harmonies or the guitarists playing two completely different parts on opposite channels. The band chose "Machine" from The Machine Shop to produce the album.

Although their choice was a departure from the pool of traditional metal producers, the result of the choice is absolute perfection. The album retains a very heavy edge while at the same time attaining a near-transparent quality. The sound is crystal clear; you can feel the heaviness but still hear every component of the music.

Ashes Of The Wake includes a demo version video for the song "Laid To Rest." In my opinion, it's everything a video should be—nothing but mics, mixers, headphones, guitars and drums. I'll take a video done in the studio over the usual contrived situational video any day. In an odd twist, as it turns out, the title track of the album is an instrumental. Like fuzzy-faced diamonds in the rough, guitarists Mark Morton and Willie Adler finally prove they are more than competent guitar soloists—now if we could just get them to play even more solos! Along for the ride during the instrumental is former Testament guitar god Alex Skolnick (currently with the Alex Skolnick Trio) for a guest spot. An equally deity-worthy performance is contributed by former Megadeth guitarist Chris Poland (currently with OHM). Simply stated—I couldn't possibly be more into the music of *Ashes Of The Wake*.

CENTURY MEDIA *Sworn Allegiance* is the 7th studio album from Unleashed in their 15 years as a band. I never got into these guys in the past because I always considered their output as sub-par. Surprisingly enough to me, I actually enjoyed *Sworn Allegiance*. This album isn't great by any means, nor does it offer up anything new, but it does have its moments. An Unleashed album is definitely good for a few great vocal hooks and guitar riffs that are undeniably metal. *Sworn Allegiance* even features a few good solos, including an impressive extended guitar solo during "To Miklagard." If this band falters in any one area, it would have to be lyrically. Their lyrics can't be described as anything but simplistic, and the constant over-use of repetition only serves as a reminder. During "The Longships Are Coming," bassist/vocalist Johnny Hedlund repeats the title 18 times, during "Helljoy," Johnny repeats the title 13 times. Enough already! I don't know what to do with the information, but I'll be damned if I'm not on watch for the "Longships!" Overall, this is a fun album; just don't take it too seriously. And yes, for some reason I feel oddly compelled to warn you that the longships are coming! You have been warned!



NUCLEAR BLAST If I had to guess what a side-band made up of members of the band Therion would sound like, the last thing I would guess is Demonoid's *Riders Of The Apocalypse*—especially after Therion's latest, the double album *Lemuria/Sirius B*. Demonoid is Kristian Niemann (guitar), Johan Niemann (bass) and Christofer Johnsson (vocals) of Therion and Rickard Evensand (drums) formerly of Soilwork (currently with Chimaira). Stupid name aside, Demonoid is a blistering slab of death metal with heavy thrash leanings and shades of black metal.

The two openers of the album, "Wargods" and "Firestorms," have the breakneck speed and suffocating heaviness reminiscent of *Under The Blade*-era Defleated. The third track, "Witchburners," introduces a more melodic thrash sound chockful of musical hooks and cool subtleties of which these guys are masters. "14th Century Plague" is a short, three-minute, slow-tempo diversion, but then the very strong "Hunger My Consort" kicks back in for more melodic thrash and musical hooks. There are nine tracks in all, clocking in at about 47 minutes. There's a good amount of variation on this album, but I'd have to say "Witchburners" and "Hunger My Consort" pretty well represent the majority of *Riders Of The Apocalypse*.

Great production, excellent death vocal performance and killer solos round out *Riders of the Apocalypse*. I was pleasantly surprised by this album and if you haven't already guessed, I enjoyed the hell out of it.

CAPITOL Otep is back with *House of Secrets*, the follow-up to their major-label full-length debut, *Sevas Tra*. The music this band plays revolves around female singer Otep Shamaya's self-loathing lyrics that tend to get a little stale after a song or two. During "Buried Alive," Otep hates her life, during "Autumn Song," she feels like a failure, and even worse, she feels "average." Worst of all, however, is during "House Of Secrets," when Shamaya claims that she doesn't "feel pretty." I don't know, maybe these lyrics just don't speak to me, because quite frankly, I'm feeling quite pretty today. The music runs from sparse during the myriad of spoken-word passages to guitar-chugging nu-metal. The guitarist and bass player use super low tuning, which gives the bass that Korn-sounding slap. The bass strings are doing more flopping around than at a fat girls-only volleyball tournament. One highlight of the release is Joey Jordison's (Slipknot) contribution in the studio on drums. On one hand, Joey's performance raises the overall level of the release; on the other, his killer drumming increases your expectations of the rest of the band.

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By Dave Barnett
Westlife12.04
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*Are you ready? All right!
Ready to die? Not without a fight!
I am not your mindless sheep
Follow no shepherd to the slaughter
I can make blood flow like water
I think murder day and night
But you can't put me away
Not without a fight!
—YDI, "Not Without a Fight"*

NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT

So it's the beginning of winter, it's cold as fuck and it gets dark earlier every day. Usually it's the beginning of a three- or four-month period when I sink into a mild depression, put the Uniform Choice and 7 Seconds records in storage and listen to nothing but black metal. This year I may not get my Viking on because I found the YDI discography CD, which matches black metal in pure world-hating rage without having to burn down churches, murder homosexuals or eat pieces of your dead friend's brain.

YDI has got to be the most sketchy, gnarly American hardcore punk band I've ever heard. The discography CD has their demo, their 1983 *A Place in the Sun 7"*, two compilation songs and their only full-length, 1985's *Black Dust LP*. YDI wasn't the fastest or even the most original hardcore band around, but there's just something in the way Jackal, their gigantic skinhead vocalist, delivers his venomous lyrics that you know he's as

*It's been a devilish year,
The holidays are near!
So spread holiday cheers,
Give them bloody ears!*

THE BEYAS
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Satan says:
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available!"

scary in real life as he is portrayed in their records. Maybe it's their songs about raping rich chicks or walking down the highway at night high on PCP. Either way, *Maximum Rocknroll Magazine* was definitely bummed out by this band.

The Black Dust LP has to be heard to be believed. Think Motörhead crossed with Celtic Frost crossed with, um, Oil? There are plenty of great punk-as-fuck riffs, but everything is down-tuned as all hell, there are metal solos, and Jackal sings more gutturally than any death metal band that was around at the time. The perfect band for all those people in the state of Utah who like The 4 Skins as much as they like Hell-hammer.

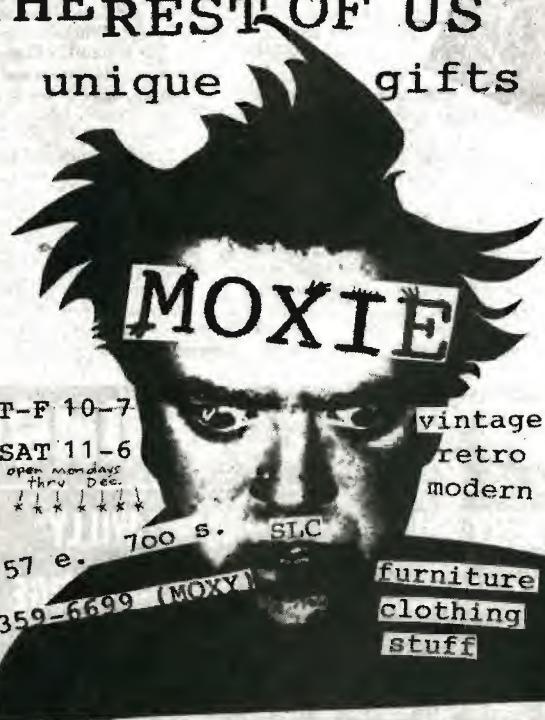
You can get their discography CD from Parts Unknown Records at P.O. Box 4835/ Toms River, NJ 08754, or on their website at:

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by ryan michael painter rient@davidbowie.com

CHARACTER WE ALSO CREATE FALSE PROMISES: PROMISES FICTION RECORDS

If you were to take a bowl of jazz and pour it over a slice of analog keyboards, add some guitars, perhaps a *Ride* album rewritten by *Tortoise* and shake it up like a snow globe, you might come up with Character. Unlike many instrumental bands, Character are smart enough to not drive every song into epic territory. Rather, they give each song its due without rolling you off into boredom. It is experimental in nature but also rooted in traditional pop which should keep the easily-scared listener and the overly anxious entertained.

DEPECHE MODE REMIXES 8/04 REPRISE

There are a thousand official and unofficial Depeche Mode remixes floating around in the stratosphere and to try and make a single disc compilation of highlights is a rather daunting task. I know because I've made a few of my own over the years. This official compilation of highlights isn't exactly what I would consider their best, but that is a debate that could take weeks to sort out. In many cases, the quality of the remix is overlooked for the name of the remixer. The cast list includes *Underworld*, *Francois Kevorkian*, *Kruder and Dorfmeister*, *Portishead*, *Daniel Miller*, *Air* and *Dave Bascombe* alongside two new mixes by *Goldfrapp* and *Mike Shindoa*. Surprisingly, the new versions are the compilation's most alluring tracks and not just filler to attract those of us who already own the majority of, if not all, of the mixes. Shindoa's heavy reinterpreted version of "Enjoy the Silence" might raise a few eyebrows with its distorted guitars and more aggressive approach, but I rather like it, and Goldfrapp's ethereal take on "Halo" is a mutated duet that puts a fresh spin on one of my favorite tracks. Which, when added all together, means I'm going to have to pick up the three-disc version for the additional new mixes; yes, I'm a sucker.

MOTEL CREEPS PLEASANTRIES IN THE PARLOR EP THE PARLOR EP WWW.MOTELCREEPS.COM

Moon Boots sways in as a *Bunnymen* jam with a slightly more animated *Interpol* flavor. I'm not blown away, but I'm pleased with the combination of warm guitars and distant vocals. The remaining tracks, "City Girl," "Gun for Hire," and "Ocean Storm" are solid but not nearly as interesting as the first. Definitely a band to keep your eye on.

SILVER SUNSHINE SILVER SUNSHINE EMPYREAN RECORDS

Silver Sunshine are a delightful little group of San Diego musicians that are clearly in love with psychedelic pop. They're quite talented, have some good hooks here and there and capture the sound that the *Stone Roses* used on their *Second Coming* release, but in this case, you can't help but feel like Silver Sunshine have taken the psychedelic age of the Beatles and removed the flavor. It's like oatmeal, really—plain oatmeal.

THE VIOLETTES THE VIOLETTES WWW.THEVIOLETTES.COM

From the opening rolling cascades of sound of "Blue Hearted Fool," it is quite clear that The Violettes are a shoegaze delight with fantastic production that allows for the chaos of sound to swell without giving the songs a cheap wash of undefined sound. That is, until the groove kicks in on "Heavenly White Roses," and then here comes the sitar and suddenly you realize this is not your typical rock throwback to the early 90s. Sarah Khan's vocals range from hints of *All About Eve*, *My Bloody Valentine* and *Curve* to a breathy *Tori Amos* without ever sounding forced or heavy-handed. The music is at times a sonic blast of guitar and pounding drums; sometimes it sways along in pop bliss and at other times, it's an exotic landscape of scintillating friction. Put together, The Violettes offer one of the most impressive debuts I've heard in a long time.

CHARACTER WE ALSO CREATE FALSE PROMISES: FALSE PROMISES FICTION RECORDS

If you were to take a bowl of jazz and pour it over a slice of analog keyboards, add some guitars, perhaps a *Ride* album rewritten by *Tortoise* and shake it up like a snow globe, you might come up with Character. Unlike many instrumental bands, Character are smart enough to not drive every song into epic territory. Rather, they give each song its due without rolling you off into boredom. It is experimental in nature but also rooted in traditional pop which should keep the easily-scared listener and the overly anxious entertained.

THE OCCASION THE OCCASION SAY HEY RECORDS

From the haunting opening of "The Midwife," you know you're being kidnapped and there isn't anything you can do about it. Hailing from New York and having opened for band as diverse as *Interpol*, *The Unicorns* and *Franz Ferdinand*, The Occasion sound nothing like their surroundings. Where there should be buildings and edgy pop melodies, there is a wasteland of acoustics over tape loops and toy pianos held together by the ever-present drone of the bass. The vocals are constantly changing, both in voice and style, as nearly everyone in the band has the chance to interject. By the time you reach the end of "Annika," you can't help but feel a little empty, perhaps slightly abused, but also quite enchanted by the starkness of the journey.

BELLA MORTE SONGS FOR THE DEAD OR THE DEAD METROPOLIS METROPOLIS

I've never bought into the idea that Bella Morte were a traditional goth band; they always seemed a bit more based in punk rock and *Songs for the Dead* emphasizes that by turning down the keyboards and upping the guitars for a sound that is more representative of their live shows. This, however, is not a disappointment; they're still a fantastic catchy group with this collection of tracks that have an energy to them that is missing from the majority of punk since its "rebirth."

photo by david ball



LOST SOUNDS

LOST SOUNDS LOST SOUNDS IN THE RED RECORDS RED RECORDS

This album is exactly what electroclash should be defined as: edgy and recklessly punky with a dash of synthpop dropped in for good measure. *Lost Sounds* sounds like the new *Le Tigre* release after you've pulled out the slick production and replaced it with gargling guitars, smashing drums and a healthy dose of punk-rock attitude. In short, like most of their songs, it's fresh, honest, alive and nothing like the bandwagon of bands who are trying to cash in on the 80s revival.

Hocico Wrack and Ruin Metropolis

There is a special feeling when listening to a band for the first time and you are blown away by how good it is and you know you have just unearthed something amazing. That happened for me several years ago when I discovered Hocico's first album, *Odio Bajo El Alma* and it's happening again with the versatile *Wrack and Ruin*. After the duo evolved from raw angst into polished hate, the quality was still there, but the feeling was different. They have rediscovered the grittiness without compromising clean production. A solid balance between floor-stomping hits and sinister melodies is maintained on the 10 tracks. "Tales from the third world" and "bizarre words" show-off the finer blends of dancey-stuff, then get into more intensity with "spirits of crime". The single, "Born to be (hated)" was incredible as a single, but loses its strength when sitting half-way through the beautiful madness of Hocico's latest efforts. "Ecos" and "Death as a gift" are other fine examples that. Hocico has not lost the art of loathing and prove they can improve upon perfection. The one flaw with this release is the waste of 56 tracks of nothing, just so they can get track "66" for some "silencio" sampling. That concept was cool the first time you heard it, just after CDs hit the market, but now it's plain annoying. But whatever, it's Hocico, if they want 66 tracks, I'm down with it. *Wrack and Ruin* is the perfect mantra for the current age of Industrial.

Icon of Coil UploadedandRemixed Metropolis

Icon of Coil set out to do more damage to dance clubs across the globe when releasing *UploadedandRemixed*. The Oslo boys released their third album, *Machines Are Us*, only a few months ago, then did a U.S. tour and now are outdoing themselves with fourteen tracks of electro-pop happiness. Remixer include *Apoptyma*, *Berzerk*, *Funker Vogt*, *Implant* and many others. Each member of the trio contributed a remix from solo projects – *Andy/Combichrist*, *Christian/Northborn* and *Sebastian/Moonitor*. In recent years remix albums have become overrated and usually are a let down, not in this case. Icon of Coil is an act that hasn't become jaded and still has enthusiasm and dominance in the world of catchy electronic music.

It's already the end of 2004, and what an amazing year for music it has been. Local acts have crossed the lines from local to national, *Skinny Puppy* has reunited and toured and even more talent and music labels are coming out of the woodwork, proving that this genre is quite active. Incredible live shows from legendary and progressive musicians such as *Kraftwerk*, *Sister Machine Gun*, *Manufactura* and *Larvae* have unexpectedly highlighted the year. Sadly, not everything has been overcast skies and metal roses. The shocking death of *John Balance of Coil* on Saturday, November 13 was a tragedy for the scene.

The highs and lows of the year have been intense and will make 2005 have to work hard to even compare to 2004.

Laibach Anthems and The Videos Mute

Laibach is an act that has surpassed the test of time. The Slovenian, multi-media act came into existence in 1980, and proved to be controversial before ever releasing an album or performing a show. Dressed in Yugoslav army uniforms with specially designed insignias on the arm bands, Laibach was notoriously banned for cryptic political messages mixed into artistic expression. In 1984, Laibach co-founded the NSK (Neue Slowenische Kunst) guerilla art collective, along with Irwin and Scipion Nasice Sisters Theatre. Eight years later the group proclaimed themselves to be a "state without territory," and issued passports, proclamations, embassies, consulates and stamps. The history of Laibach is extensive and has been the subject of several books and documentaries. Between the double-disc release of *Anthems*, *The Videos* DVD/Documentary and a US tour, 2004 has been a great year for the project. Disc one of *Anthems* is a collection of the well-known songs and famous covers originally by *Queen*, *The Rolling Stones*, *Europe* and *DAF*. Fourteen remixed tracks on disc two make a total of 31 total tracks. The remixes are fun, but really, Laibach is best in its original form. *The Videos* is now one of my most cherished DVDs. Old and new videos depict the dark humor with unusual visuals in "Across the Universe," "Wirtschaft ist tot" and on the new single from *WAT*, "Das Spiel ist aus". Regarding the recent tour, Laibach front man Ivan Novak says, "Laibach decided to tour straight after the election to comfort the defeated part of the American nation and to unite the divided sides into an expression of a static totalitarian cry." Laibach emanate the beauty and harsh militance of Industrial music as more than just an art but as a way of life.

2% VA Reduced Phat

The first album off Florida's *Reduced Phat* label has marked the music world with the brilliant 2% non-compilation. For starts, the trigger-release CD case lets you know you have something different and good in your hands. Drum'n'Bass, break core and electronica fuse three musicians into one cohesive and addictive sect of the post-industrial sub-genre. *Enduser*, *Subsektor* and *Edgey* are the artists spotlighted with two original tracks each and those same two tracks remixed by the other two artists, for a total of 12 solid tracks.

Not only is it a great idea to introduce three artists in this format, but also, this is an innovative way to get the goods out there without being cheated by one good track on a compilation. *Enduser* brings it on with a pop and lock of forcefully elegant bass and rapid beats on "Death Vest" and "Broken Target."

Then *Subsektor* brings it with intense chaos and deliciously abrasive rhythms consumed in ominous textures on "The Breed." *Edgey* puts it all on the table with schizoid madness on "Brutalities End" and "Indigna". The six remixes are carefully cut up and masterfully pieced back together into even more mutanized glitchiness. Talent does not fall short with these three caffeinated beat masters. I can confidently say that you do not have to be a fan of Drum'n'breaktronica to easily be won over with 2% of *Reduced Phat*. This is the first of three very promising non-compilations.

Mothboy The Fears Ad Hoicsoam

Two or three tracks into *The Fears*, thoughts immediately went to *Jack Dangers of Meat Beat Manifesto* and to *Scorn's Mick Harris*. The music is distinctly different from both, but the influences seem so obvious. Onto my research, I discovered that Mothboy's Simon Smerdon lists both as influences and has even worked with Mick Harris. And very similar to *Meat Beat Manifesto*, Mothboy will likely be categorized in a genre that he doesn't totally fit in. The electronica play such a subdued role to the various instruments, ranging from Saxophone to harmonica but masterfully pulls in the deep scorn-esque bass in all the right places. Down-tempo and jazz blur beautifully on "stuck in a moment" and "Second Spin R.I.P." Rumbling bass and groovy beats on the 13 tracks are hard to define, but may be classified somewhere between dark-hop and illbient – two newer genre's that have had few artists emerge from. Mothboy takes his diversity even a step further on "All the wrong places" with rapped vocals and groovy bass that give me "It's in my brain now" flashbacks. Currently living in London, Mothboy previously played bass guitar in metal bands. I predict that Mothboy will be an artist that keeps us on our toes – who knows what he will do next. No doubt it will be excellent.

From the director of *HERO* and the star of
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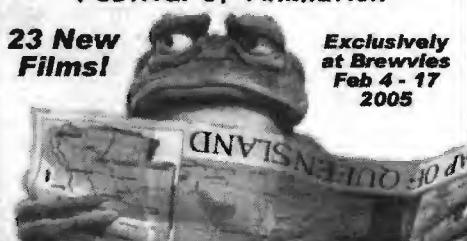
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Musically, Bill Laswell is larger than life. So I was very surprised that he was so soft-spoken and reticent when I phoned him in the Chelsea section of Manhattan. His cell phone kept cutting out and I could hear sirens in the background. It was pretty surreal.

SLUG: Your discography runs the whole gamut. For the letter "S," you go from **Pharoah Sanders** to **Swans**.

Bill Laswell: Right.

SLUG: Your latest release and the *Praxis* album before it seem to have somehow cracked into the space and time continuum.

BL: Yes.

SLUG: The line between what's primitive and what's modern or industrial has been blurred, and those nine-minute songs can seem to last nine hours or 90 seconds depending on where you are when you're listening to it.

BL: That's an interesting way of looking at it.

SLUG: Aside from your new dub/ambient stuff, you've been involved in a lot of remixes lately. How do you approach a project when dealing with an icon like **Miles Davis**?

BL: You enter into it with knowledge of the work and what the artist was dealing with during that period, and you approach it with respect and try to enhance it, make it sonically better, and then you move on. Miles '69 to '75 period was very loose and dealt with a lot of electronics, and it still hasn't found its audience.

SLUG: How about when you're dealing with someone like **Santana** when he's still alive?

BL: Santana is a good friend and he had an understanding of what I was trying to do. I tried to enhance what was already there, so it was more a compliment than a manipulation.

SLUG: Are you drawn to the spiritual quality of music?

BL: "Spiritual" is a word that had a meaning and has been used a lot lately to describe many things. But I guess that early on, it dealt with devotion, or with dedication, to a point. But if spiritual means "real," I guess I am attracted to that.

SLUG: You worked with **William S. Burroughs**. It seems like he was **Burroughs**. It seems like he was pretty prescient with some of the stuff that he wrote 20 or 30 years ago.

BL: He was to me, not a subversive hero of punk rock or a of decadent sensibility, but a champion of hope who predicted many things that came to pass. I'm not interested in his books so much as I'm interested in his points of view. To me, he was a street philosopher, and a very valuable humanitarian who had a lot to say about hope.

SLUG: You also worked with **Hakim Bey**, who talks about poetic terrorism and temporary autonomous zones. Do you feel like you're in an alternate reality with the music that you make outside of the corporate channels?

BL: If you say "temporary autonomous zone," that's exactly what I'm in. It just means isolating and alienating yourself from control. You create a place where you can operate, and he nailed it with that theory. We are not in the mainstream, nor do we want to be, so what are we left with?

SLUG: How do you stay so prolific? What's your process of deciding what project to do next and then actually going through with the work?

BL: It stems from desperation, overhead, from the need to manifest. It's out of necessity. Sometimes you make a record because someone needs to buy a house. Sometimes you make a record because someone needs to pay child support. And then critics call it music. We just call it life.

SLUG: Is **Jah Wobble** a kindred spirit of yours?

BL: Absolutely, yes.

SLUG: I just realized that he played bass on the early **Public Image, Ltd.** records and it helped me realize why I am so into them.

BL: He's the spirit.

SLUG: What's next for you? Are you planning to do more of the dub stuff?

BL: I hope so. I work a lot with **Jah Wobble**, and we're very good friends. I respect him enormously, and I need to see him as much as possible for many reasons. So we will explore these things. We might play the same bass line forever. It might be that for 20 years we play the same bass line, but that's gonna be what we like to do.

SLUG: What's the best way for someone who's new to your work to approach your catalog?

BL: I don't know how you would do that. I would just say, have an open mind and feel good about yourself and don't be restricted or condemned by what people tell you. My catalog is not my catalog. It's a world of music. I've made 700 records, and I plan to make at least 700 more.

SLUG: It's interesting to learn about people like you and **Eno** who basically want to create their own reality, and not necessarily follow the rules or take a more classically approach.

BL: I worked with **Eno** when I started, and he was a big influence in that way of thinking.

While Bill Laswell had briefly warmed up to me, I could tell that he was ready to retreat to his own world. Before he did, however, he complimented me on the interview, saying that a guy had tried to call and interview him earlier, but he was "retarded," so Bill had hung up on him.

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NYC Bassist/Producer Bill Laswell in His Own Words

Can You Prove He's Not?

By MC Willie

HOW *Romance* CAME TO BE:

An Interview with Kaada

By Chuck Berrett

One of them is a Norwegian composer who has scored numerous European films and released his mold-shattering debut album, *Thank You For Giving Me Your Valuable Time*, on Ipecac Recordings in 2001. The other is the enigmatic frontman behind some of the most influential and original projects of the past 15 years, and the owner/founder of Ipecac Recordings.

Now with one album, *Romantics*, by Patton/Kaada, they converge their talents and broad pallet of skill to redefine another plateau of music.

John Kaada, the Norwegian genius of sampling and varied taste, first hit the U.S. music scene with his first solo release in 2001. Before and during this album, he scored a slew of films which earned him the *Golden Clapboard award* at *The Norwegian International Film Festival* in August of 2002. I asked him what it was like to be the youngest person to ever receive this award and he answered, "It gives you a little confidence, but my parents snapped when they heard that I'd thrown the statuette in the garbage."

Then there's the man who everyone should have known since the early 90s, Mike Patton. He has fronted bands such as *Faith No More*, *Mr. Bungle*, *Tomahawk* and *Fantomas*. How does one man find enough time and creativity to helm such a wide variety of profound groups, and what kind of musical background spawns such a character? "My musical education came from an appetite, really. I mean, I worked in a record store, I had an opportunity to listen to a lot of stuff. All of a sudden, that becomes your pallet in a weird way. You start imitating and stealing little things, and over a number of years, you start to get your own style by accident."

Kaada's influences are nearly impossible to pinpoint when listening to his record. Everything from 1960s doo-wap to avant garde electronics are spread across every second of sound. I asked him what got him to this indefinable style, "I'm influenced by lots of stuff. TV, musical equipment. To me, there's no limits or borders when it comes to art. I've never thought about what kind of music I'm making when I'm making it."

As far as Patton's influences, I was dying to know if there were any specific artists that shaped his musical mind. "You know, it was just periods. I still hear things this way, and I still have the same interest. A couple of weeks ago I saw this amazing Cuban percussionist who blew me away, so I just went out and searched for everything I could, and so everything I was listening to that week was Cuban percussion music. It found its way into an improv gig I just did last week; I didn't

think about it at the that."

Knowing Patton's lack of formal education in music, I wondered what Kaada's might be. He was a member of an abstract Norwegian band called *Cloroform* for years before he decided to go out on his own. So were there years of sitting in front of a music stand and studying before he chose to begin performing?

"Cloroform just started up one day as a heavy metal band. We were outsiders in school, and didn't have many friends other than ourselves. It was in the 80s, and we made pompous death metal. But we evolved over the span of eight years from that to a jazz band. We just practiced all the time; that was about it."

Kaada Patton

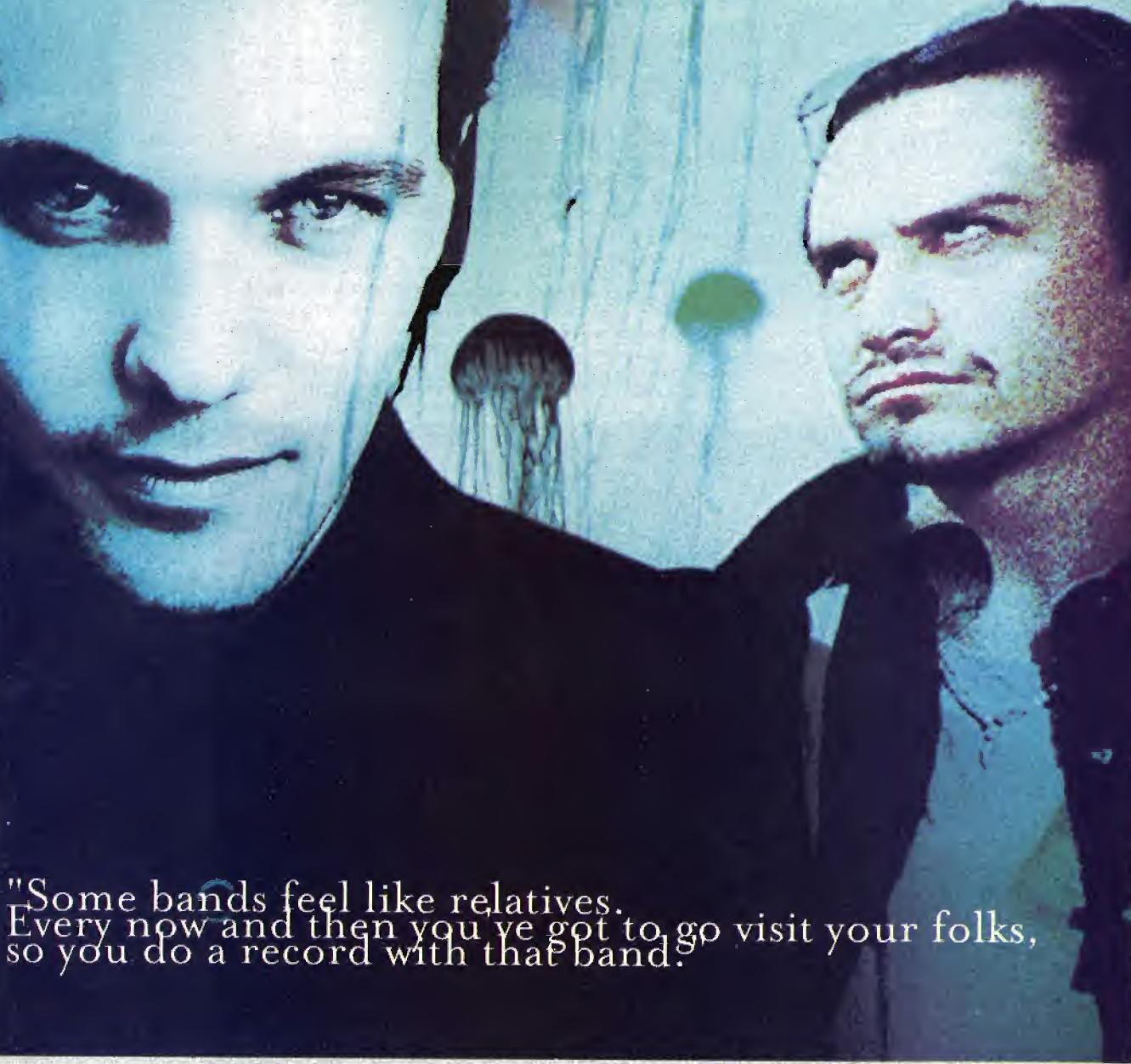
From *Faith No More* to his most recent project with Kaada, Patton has displayed an astonishingly wide range of styles. From the theatrical heaviness of *Fantomas* to the silly prog-jazz of *Mr. Bungle*, he has run his voice over every horizon imaginable. Was there ever a time that one felt more natural than the other?

"Some bands feel like relatives," says Patton, "Every now and then you've got to go visit your folks, so you do a record with that band. Other bands are just projects, ya know, 'Let's try this and see how it feels'. And that's what Kaada and I did. He had a collection of music he was going to put out on my label, and asked if I wouldn't mind singing on it. I was going to just be his guest, and I still see it that way; it's his record. But, all of a sudden, I found myself adding percussion and programming and it just became a collaboration. I guess it was supposed to be this way."

Kaada remembers the collaboration the same way. "I don't really remember how *Romances* came to be. It was supposed to be an album based on late romanticism, but performed with our sounds. A slow-moving, large composition consisting of nine pieces, almost like a symphony. There is a lot of music history buried in this album, but I hope it won't be something that's called a 'crossover' album between classical and rock. There have been too many bad attempts to do this over the last 35 years."

"The first vocal takes were done in hotel rooms on the *Ipecac Geektour* of 2003. Since then, we've been sending CDs to each other every month. It's been a long process to finish this album. In January of 2004, I tried mixing it in a technical way. This isn't an album where you have a drum track, then a bass track. This is a complex and colorful sound universe with tons of different instruments. Anyway, I sent over a CD in January thinking it was done. Wrong! We went on for another eight months in overtime. I promised myself that after this record, I would only record mono-guitar pieces, with one mic, one track! Not music with hundreds of tracks and instruments. We both had very strong opinions of what *Romances* should sound like, so that didn't make it any easier."

Romances separates itself as a record from any other recordings one may know or expect from either Mike Patton or John Kaada. It is a soundscape of melodies that never revisit themselves, constantly progressing away from where the movement may have started. Patton views this



"Some bands feel like relatives. Every now and then you've got to go visit your folks, so you do a record with that band."

as Kaada going out on a limb for his second release. "I can hear his personality in there, but it really doesn't sound like anything he's done in the least. That's why I encouraged him to take it even further."

Mike Patton went on to tell me about the familiarity of working with Björk on her newest album, *Medúlla*, and how Buzzo from The Melvins has more music in his little finger than we all have in our entire bodies. It was quite humbling to hear these stories from an artist who is invited to play with and viewed as a peer to such amazing musicians.

Both Patton and Kaada are men who don't take the time to dream—as soon as a thought comes into their minds, they just make it happen. Patton made his own musical universe possible with *Specac Recordings*, and has broken a lot of ground since then. Although he's far too humble to see it that way, he knows the importance of music in everyone's lives.

It defines us in groups and cliques as we grow up, and plays as our own personal soundtrack as we drive to work, make out or eat dinner. Maybe if there were more people like these guys, life would be more interesting and beautiful to pass through on an everyday basis.

For more information about Kaada & Patton log on to www.kaada.no and www.specac.com.

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes really need no introduction—you should know their shtick by this point. Just in case you don't: Swingin' Utters' Spike Slawson (vocals), NOFX's "Fat" Mike (bass), Joey Cape and Dave Raun from Lagwagon (guitar and drums, respectively), and former No Use for a Name and current Foo Fighters member Chris Shiflett (guitar) don their finest attire, drink too much, and crank out skate-punk covers of just about everything.

Their first full-length was 1997's full-length *Have A Ball* (**Fat Wreck Chords**), which followed countless seven inches and line-up changes. It's theme: contemporary hits. Since then, the band has released four other full-lengths, all on Fat Wreck: '99's *Are A Drag* (show tunes), '01's *Blow in the Wind* (oldies), last year's *Take A Break* (soul/R&B hits), and their latest, *Ruin Jonny's Bar Mitzvah*. This time it's a little different in that album is live, recorded at (you guessed it) little Jonny's passage into manhood, and there's no apparent theme or central era of music in their sights.

Some champion the band's ability to seize mainstream culture, fill it full of power-chords and turn it into something with which punks can identify; comedic cultural piracy for the "who cares" generation. Others, however, view it as testament to how easy it is to boil down the NOFX/Lagwagon formula that's served as the blueprint for countless acts over the years, apply no imagination whatsoever, and cash in on a large, ready-made audience. Both assessments are probably pretty accurate. That in mind, I recently spoke to Spike about all things *Gimme Gimme*:



SLUG: Apart from playing in Me First and The Gimme Gimmes you all do different stuff. Do you consider Me First and The Gimme Gimmes a kind of side-project?

Spike: It's actually hard to keep it frivolous, like a side project, because it kind of took on a life of its own. But we'd like to keep it just something that's fun. I know that some of the elements that make other bands serious are happening with this band. So it's important that we keep it funny and have a good time doing it.

SLUG: How do you choose the songs you cover? Is there a rule in decision making at all?
Spike: We play them, and if they work out in ten minutes then they're generally worth at least trying to record. It's usually songs that suck that we're gonna do. Not suck; the songwriting might be good. You find something that if you heard it in a different context, if you heard the melody over guitars instead of synthesizers or a string section, you would like it. That's kind of the principles we were operating under on the first record.

SLUG: Are there any songs that weren't even worth trying to record?
Spike: The Irene Cara song from *Flashdance*, "What a Feeling." "It's Raining Men" also didn't work out. Mainly it's playing them. We'll give them a shot, and if we're just not hearing

it within five minutes we move on. There are always ideas for songs to cover.

SLUG: Are there any songs you would never even try to cover?

Spike: Hip-hop songs would probably be a safe bet that we would never try to do that. They just wouldn't translate. People do it, and it doesn't translate.

SLUG: What song would you say you've done the best job with?

Spike: I like "Over the Rainbow" on the second album. That's one of my favorite songs that we did. And then "Country Roads," too. Those would have to be my two favorites. They sound natural, like they're really our songs, kind of.

SLUG: What kind of songs would you want to cover on your next record, ideally?

Spike: Just all over the place. I want to do "Moon River," but I don't know if that's going to work out. It's less

about the unifying musical theme, than about where we're playing, like the bar mitzvah theme. I think, learning from this last record, if we practice a little bit more next time, live is actually the best. I mean there are all kinds of places to play like

state fairs, cruises
and
funerals—
we'll play pretty
much whatever.

Just after that the tape in my recorder ran out, but Spike still had another juicy piece of punk rock gossip for me. He told me about a band he's trying to put together with Swingin' Utters band mate Darius Koski (guitar, backup vocals, accordion) and One Man Army's Jack Dalrymple (lead guitar, vocals) tentatively called The Pieces. Don't consider this an official declaration—just don't steal the name.

reviews

.22

The Patriots

Roydale

.22 = *Jawbox* – one guitar + Steve Albini production

On this their third album, .22 demonstrate that they might be able to barrel up to a .38. Seriously, frontman Brian O.'s vocals and guitar lines are simple, yet powerfully so. Lindsey G. alternates strumming with rhythmic pounding on the bass that sounds great, although Steve Albini could probably make my bass lines sound great. OK, maybe not. Brad W. on the kit triangles out the power trio. Make no mistake, this is music from the city of broad shoulders, but it is tempered by melody and, gasp, backup vocals and occasional lyrical emotion. I would say it reminded me of *Urge Overkill*—I imagine that .22 wear matching ties if not uniforms—but you would say "Nay, that's too old-school." —MC Welk

Action

Self-Titled

Punkcore Records

Action = *The Casualties* + *The Havok* + *A Global Threat* + *Endless Struggle* + *The Unseen* + *The Virus* + etc. etc.

Everything about this band is stereotypically street punk—from the spiky hair to the studded jackets—except they're from Canada. They have fast vocals, fast guitar, and a fast drummer that sweats his ass off. Nothing about this band is unique. "Rise" is one of the few tracks I admire because it reminds me of a better street-punk band, *A Global Threat*. You'd think that Canada would produce syrup-loving, hockey-starving and seal-clubbing youngsters, but these kids sing about dying for government, having no tor and being in a war zone. P wait—there's a big difference between America and C

There's no retard running their country, their prisons aren't

overflowing and they all get Medicare. What's to complain about? So they move on to complain about America. "War, demob you troops/War, listen to us/War, we don't wanna be fodder in America's war;" Don't worry, Action, you're not, and never will be. —Katie Malone

AM

Francophiles and Skinny Ties

AM Mayhem Records

AM = *The Rubes* + *The Strokes* + *The Von Bondies*

If the members of *The Rubes* grew up in NYC instead of SLC and formed a band, they would have recorded this exact same album. They have the same grit-catchiness but lack the western country influence and substitute instead a slickness and danceability perfectly fit for the city. There's nothing terribly original about *Francophiles* (def.—friendly to or having a

strong liking for France or the French) and *Skinny Ties* but that doesn't detract from the album (much). A perfect space-filler for hipsters too drunk to be complete snobs or at least worry about anything but dancing and looking good, this CD, needless to say, gets plenty of play in my house stereo. —Nate Martin

Ariel Aparicio w/ The Hired Guns

Frolic & Fuck

Bully Records

Ariel Aparicio = *Bowie* + *Liz Phair* + *the Pretenders*

Ariel is here to prove that gay Cubans don't have to succumb to the stereotype of drag Latin pop nonsense. Instead, he and *The Hired Guns* concentrate on rocking out with an eclectic mix of styles (funk, salsa, pop, disco, indie rock, reggae, new wave and punk). On this, Aparicio's third album (his first on self-started label *Bully Records*), he takes time to thank Paul Westerberg not just in the liner notes but also with an acoustic cover of the Replacements' classic "Unsatisfied" that shows

Bury Your Dead Cover Your Tracks

Victory
Bury Your Dead = Sick of It All + Hatebreed + Meshuggah

The pinstripe suits, wing-tip shoes and 40s-era cars don't say hardcore, but once the record is playing, it all comes together. The photos that accompany the lyric sheet show you *Bury Your Dead* aren't your usual hardcore/metalcore band. Oh, sure, all the same elements are there: heavy, charging, crunching guitars, vocals that sound like they hurt the lead singer to produce and some of the tightest double-pedal bass drumming ever. But what sets *Bury Your Dead* apart is their no-bullshit stance. Yeah, I know you've heard that before, but give the new guys a chance—I hear genuine sincerity here. If you like hard, dark, fast, heavy music, this record is for you. —James Orme



Paul's

influence on his sound. The album finds Aparicio and the 'Guns concentrating more on their dynamic and snazzy rock-n'-roll sound but sporting a total punk attitude (also thanked in the liner notes are *John Doe* and *Exene of X*). This record more than his others emphasizes indie and pop punk with the occasional reggae beat—no salsa music this time around. —Fat Tony

Bethlehem

Mein Weg

Red Stream Records

Bethlehem = *Grief* + *Godflesh* + *Unholy* + *Mayhem*

E Nomine goes dark metal! (Well, not really.) From Germany comes the metal melancholia known as *Bethlehem*. I am really sick of sugary synth-pop industrial with annoying German vocals, genuine or fake; now it seems that horrifically annoying trend is rearing its ugly head in the world of metal. These guys have always had some credibility in using their native tongue in their music ... until now. While the music is depressing as it should be, I just can't get past the vocals—they sound like some German synthpop/darkwave vocalist practicing with a dark metal band; it doesn't mesh at all. It's definitely worth checking out solely for its musical merit, but if you don't want to hear a whining, preening Euro-boy constantly prissing into the mic, then look elsewhere. Oil and water... —The BUTCHER

Blaze

The Instrumentals Project

PaPa Records

Blaze = *Masters At Work* + *97.9FM*

"A project inspired by the Divine positive energy from the Universe" is the quote inside the CD booklet, and that's precisely what these recordings represent. From the legendary masters of East Coast house music *Blaze*, a.k.a. Kevin Hedge and Josh Milan, we have a jazz-blend of warm deep house grooves and lazy-day treats. Featuring songs like the afro-funk "Where are you?" to the down-tempo styles of "Sunday morning drive"—this is *Blaze* at their finest hour of house, jazz, soul and afro-rhythms in a melodic journey on one CD. If you're familiar with any of *PaPa Records*' releases, then you'll want to get your hands on these magical recordings. Also, check out *Elements of Life* on *Vega Records*, which features *Blaze* and *Louie Vega*. www.paparecords.co.uk —Nick James

Books on Tape

The Business End

Grey Day Productions

Books on Tape = *I am Spoonbender* + *FCS North* + *Ghost Orchids*

Surprisingly scintillating electroclash with dark melodic synth lines reminiscent of *Kraftwerk*, *Books on Tape* delivers a far more interesting sound than their name implies. With the exception of a couple of tracks, *Books on Tape*'s instrumental jams are right up there with *Neu!*, *This Heat*, *Godspeed You Black Emperor*. In the album, a few of the tracks break this mood and style and incorporate more organic, free jazz feel which is quite disagreeable. Despite this brief transgression, this album is still a good listen and comes highly recommended. —seven5zeroyan

Call Me Lightning

The Trouble We're In

Revelation Records

Call Me Lighting = *The Minutemen* + *Youth of Today* + *Dio*

This album blends drunken hardcore with a near-perfect amount of loud/quiet contrast and lyrics that are way more *Robert Plant* than *Ian Mackay*. There is a sense of frenetic disillusion and bile one moment and wide-eyed mythology in hushed tones the next. These guys somehow manage to convey the love of what they're doing with sheer exuberance and near-flailing. It's nice to hear a band spread *Jack Black* humor over a slice of deadly serious music with such expertise. The main message: Life is magnificent and ridiculous, a contradiction of nothingness and grandiose importance. Not a revolutionary idea, sure, but a sentiment that this band has captured splendidly. Bravo. —Jesus Harold

CART!

D.E.M.O.

Self-Released

CART! = *The Union of a Man and a Woman* + *90 Day Men* + *Converge*

It is certainly difficult to like everything about independent rock music. Yet, *CART!* has fit every imaginable rock, punk and hardcore reference into a mere 35-minute recording. Though this approach produces the occasional one-and-a-half minute catharsis, the songs constantly veer towards the most tedious and troublesome aspects of experimental rock. The riffs too often seem stolen. The construction of an ethereal art-metal soundscape never develops, or simply gets left behind for a somewhat banal riff just when the project seems to be going somewhere. Despite such musical inconsistencies, the record and band deserve respect as successful, well-produced DIY projects. With added musical focus, the project could easily find artistic success as well. —J. Thomas Burch, Esq.

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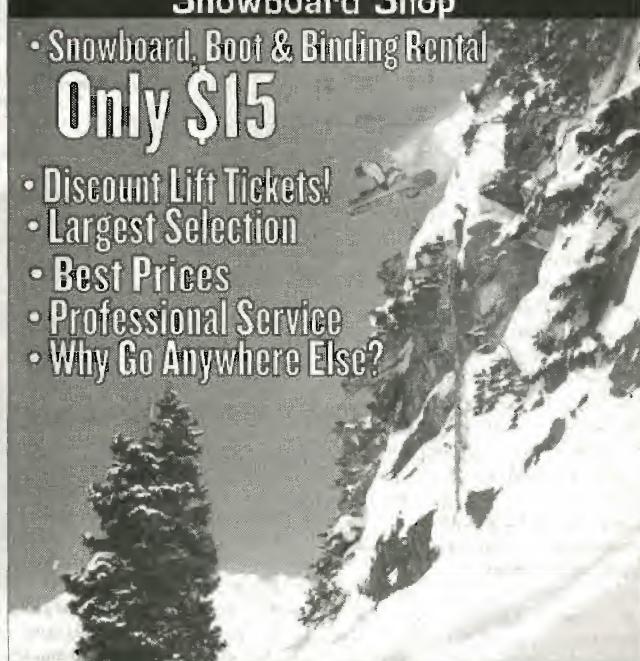
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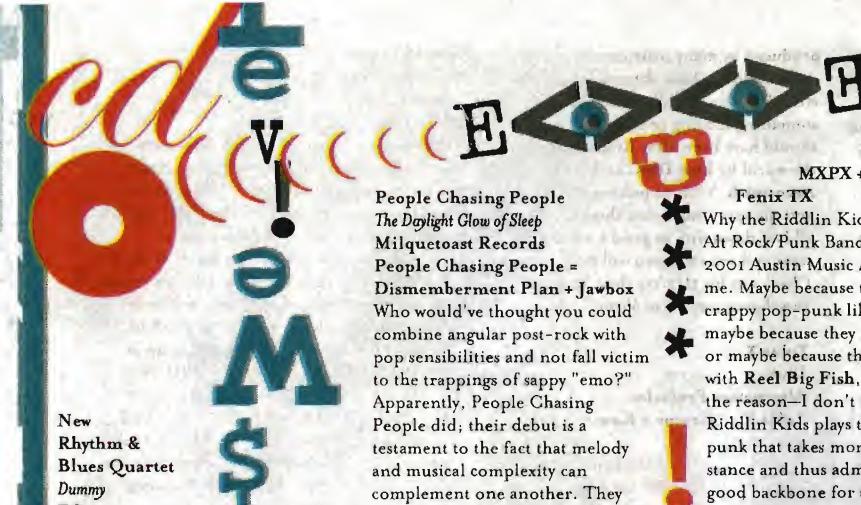
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NRBQ = Mr. Bungle for Old People
NRBQ has been around for 35 years. Wow! Finally, I get to review a band that's older than I am. When I saw them back in 1989, they did a cover of Captain Beefheart's "Crazy Little Thing" that should have made me a fan for life. Instead, I forgot about them until I was summoned to write this review. Lyrically, they're clever, musically, they're tight. But, dude, they're old. OK, let's try to make them seem cool. They're the unofficial house band of The Simpsons. Remember that episode in which Marge is kidnapped by the bikers? The Q is playing in the biker bar. They're also tight with (not contraceptive) Spongebob Squarepants. And on their latest album, they appear as puppets on the liner notes. Team America: World Police, anyone? Why are you young people so cynical? Only two of their new songs sound like Jimmy Buffet. Never mind. Forget it. —MC Welk

NOFX
The Greatest Songs Ever Written (By Us)
Epitaph

NOFX = Madonna + Sonique + Slayer
It's become somewhat fashionable to hate NOFX, so I don't expect everyone to see the value of this damn-near comprehensive album, especially if you own most of their other albums. The previously unreleased track, the inclusion of some tracks ("Shut Up Already?") and the exclusion of others ("The Malachi Crunch"? "Brews"?") will be debated among fanboys, posers and haters alike, I'm sure. Also up for debate are whether these remastered versions are better than the originals. I'm split on whether the songs should've been put in chronological order. At the end of the day, a few "oohs" and "aahs" were added. "Murder the Government" was drastically remixed again, and I still didn't have as much fun as 45 Or 46 Songs That Weren't Good Enough... but I don't give a shit what anyone says, I still had fun. —Fat Tony

People Chasing People
The Daylight Glow of Sleep
Milquetoast Records

People Chasing People =
Dismemberment Plan + Jawbox
Who would've thought you could combine angular post-rock with pop sensibilities and not fall victim to the trappings of sappy "emo"? Apparently, People Chasing People did; their debut is a testament to the fact that melody and musical complexity can complement one another. They write catchy songs but without any conventional formula. While they may appeal to the generation that's currently gushing over Further Seems Forever and like bands, this is no cookie-cutter "emo" band. They may have some of those aspects, but because they're actually original, their music can only be described as some variety of rock—but not quite "rock." The album covers a wide range of emotion; you can drink to it, dance to it, and listen to it in the morning while the coffee's brewing. Variety without schizophrenia—now that's nice! —Fat Tony

Red Giant
Devil Child Blues
Small Stone

Red Giant = QOTSA + High on Fire
Yeah, I didn't think QOTSA and High on Fire could be used in the same equation, either. But if there's any band that could combine QOTSA's hypnotic, repetitious drone guitar trademark that travels up and down scale progressions with gay abandon and a diamond-cutter's precision with High on Fire's guttural, raw cry issuing straight from the depths of Hades, Red Giant has it. There's something especially brutal about Red Giant's take on stoner metal; there's no posing, no too-cool-for-Tool stances, only the mic, dripping with sweat; only the guitars, set to spontaneously combust from friction; only their souls, laid out to dry in the sun like so much beef jerky. Plus, they have some niiiiice odd time signature work. Red Giant say the "devil is inside you, telling you what you should do" (title track), but actually, it's Red Giant that gets inside you in the end, kids! —Rebecca Vernon

Riddlin Kids
Stop the World
Aware Records

Riddlin Kids =
MXPX + Yellowcard + Fenix TX

Why the Riddlin Kids got the "Best Alt Rock/Punk Band" trophy at the 2001 Austin Music Awards escapes me. Maybe because they sound like crappy pop-punk like Fenix TX; maybe because they are from Texas; or maybe because they've played with Reel Big Fish, but whatever the reason—I don't understand it. Riddlin Kids plays the sort of pop-punk that takes more of a rock stance and thus admittedly makes a good backbone for the music. Their sophomore album is a combination of generic guitars producing catchy riffs mixed with excited drums. But the major downfall to the whole album is the lead singer, Clint Baker sounds like Chris Carrabba singing while taking a burrito-induced shit. This—like Bush being re-elected—proves dumb people can vote for dumb shit. —Katie Maloney

Sensation Junkies
One For The Money
Sarahan

Sensation Junkies = 100 Flowers + "the Seattle sound"

At first, I was turned off by Sensation Junkies because they compared themselves to Screaming Trees. In order to do that, you need large stones and Mark Lanegan's baritone. There is, and will always be, only one Screaming Trees. Nonetheless, this is a fine musical outfit. Lead singer Christopher (not a typo) Blue (gotta be a nom de plume) drops a lot of names: He played in a band with Duff (of G'n'R), was recorded by Jack

Endino, produced by John Cale in a project



cock metal, it's demonic cock-rock metal. Furthermore, if there's anything funnier than demonic cock-rock metal, it's demonic cock-rock metal with a concept. This makes the new W.A.S.P. album, The Neon God Part II: The Demise, quite possibly the funniest thing on the planet. Imagine frontman Blackie Lawless' timeless (chuckle) story of "Jessie Slane, the clairvoyant orphan who uses his power of telepathy to capture the loyalty of hundreds of followers through his powers [sic]." If the concept story alone doesn't make you guffaw out loud, the falsetto screams, power ballads and guitar masturbation solos will. Lawless even goes so far as to compare his over-hyped creation to War and Peace. I will now score these two "masterpieces" for the reader. War and Peace: 1,000,000; Neon God: The Demise: 0. —Shane Farver

(Ventilator) that was never released, etc. In short, he wants that Seattle street cred. And he can have it; however, SJ is still not ST, although one can hear a bit of STP, MLB and AIC. The band that they most remind me of is a long-defunct L.A. outfit called 100 Flowers known for such songs as "California's Falling Into the Ocean" and "All Sexed Up." —MC Welk

Senses Fail
Let It Enfold You
Drive-Thru/Vagrant
Senses Fail = Thursday + Fairweather + Saves the Day

It is my shallow, un-researched opinion that many musicians claiming to be influenced by the strange combination of punk, hardcore and metal also like to claim that they're well-versed in poetry, literature and comparative religious philosophy. While Senses Fail actually is quite scintillating (drawing from the work of Joseph Campbell, Charles Bukowski, Hinduism and Daoism), they're hardly revolutionary. This record sounds just like last year's EP, which sounded like every other album. Label complications put the record on the shelf for a while, and the band has been performing the song live since they were recorded a year ago, so many will already be familiar with these tracks. Not that it matters, because this is going to sell a couple hundred thousand fucking copies as the band graces Jimmy Kimmel Live and the cover of AP. Proof there is no justice. —Fat Tony

These Arms are Snakes
The Lion Sleeps When Its Antelope Go Home
Jade Tree

These Arms are Snakes = Form of Rocket – talent + boobs and penises
Certain members of this band make outrageous claims that their band is excitingly original and will never be contemporary: "It's just not in the cards" they say. Well let me tell you something, if that jerk from Matchbox 20 was the MC for this particular crap-rock manifesto, no one would be able to tell the difference between These Arms are Snakes and any other suck-ass commercial radio jam. Instead, some other jerk is on vocals and ruining our lives with their mid-tempo hard rock and ultra-predictable song structures.

Perhaps if the guitarist learned to play something besides quarter notes, they could spice it up a bit. On the bright side, their cover art has something for everyone, with its pictures of boobs and penises. —sevenzerozerozero

cd reviews

Unpersons

Self-Titled

Life is Abuse

Unpersons = Cult of Luna + Her Blacklist + Mastodon

If I were feeling suicidal, I wouldn't write a song directly about it. I'd write a 15-minute opus like the one track that is *Unpersons* with words like "A river of concurrence against a blade so worn down... apocryphal son lying prone in the heart of the garden... the garden is but sand." There's something really horrifying about *Unpersons*' terse, unconventional take on hardcore/metalcore that's about as far from Trustkill as you can possibly get without being from Sweden. Their churning riffs, ruthless bass attack and atmospheric, cavernous renderings of production + vocals create a multi-layered, crisp, deep, thunderous experience that spits out a twisted wall of exposed barbs underlying surface technical prowess. It'll make you swear the seventh seal's just been broken. *Unpersons* recall the whole *Isis*/*Neurosis* camp at moments, *Mastodon* (in their sophisticated guitar whirlwind) at others and straight death metal during the rest. —Rebecca Vernon

Valis

Head Full of Pills

Small Stone

Valis = Fireball Ministry + Nebula + Black Sabbath

I love Valis, but all the Small Stone bands are going to have a hard time topping *The Glasspack*. Valis, fronted by former *Screaming Tree* bassist Van Conner, spin out better-than-average stoner rock, bending farther back to their roots than most modern stoner does. *Black Sabbath* saturates the riffs and plodding pace of *Head Full of Pills*, but peeks through the most in the reverb vocals. When the riffs get faster, more driving and catchy, the specter of *Fu Manchu* hovers in the background incessantly. I could do without the skull artwork and sound of motorcycles preceding "Motorbike," but overall, even though they're not doing anything original, Valis are masters of the catchy riff (especially in "We Got a Situation," "Perpetual Motion Machine" and the glamy, druggy, T. Rex-ish "Across the Sky") and have given a solid contribution to the magical world of stoner rock. —Rebecca Vernon

Various Artists

Kicked Out of Purgatory

Psychobilly US

Kicked out of Purgatory = Misfits + the Stay Cats

I'm sure you think you know what psychobilly is. You've heard one or two

bands and you think you're an expert. I'm also sure that most of you don't know shit about psycho. *Kicked out of Purgatory* is going to change that. It's all here from the originators like *Guanna Batz and Demented Are Go* to newcomers like *12 Step Rebels*, and the *Koffin Kats*, not to mention Salt Lake City's very own *Pagan Dead*. This comp really shows the diversity of psychobilly, from the poppy sounds of *The Peacocks* to the hard-hitting *Banane Metalik* (who could be mistaken for a hardcore band) and everything between. As much as I hate to say it, all 26 tracks of this beautiful comp can be found in your local Hot Topic for only six bucks. I normally wouldn't send you in there, but this is worth it. —James Orme

Voodoo Glow Skulls

Adiccion Tradicion Revolucion

Victory

Voodoo Glow Skulls = Descendants + the Specials + Union3

While not as inspired as, say, *Band Geek Mafia* or *Who Is This Is*, the latest from *Voodoo Glow Skulls* is an alright record, but just alright. The Casillas and company give the same energized performances they give on all the other VGS releases, but I have to admit, I expected more progression. "Smile Now, Cry Later" are the scintillating songs on the record. The faster, more metal/punk rock stuff can be blasé and repetitive, which may be the effects of being on a label like Victory. The great humor is still there: "She'd rather pound some beers and listen to the Ramones," a lyric from "DD Don't Like Ska," brings to mind several girls I've known. The Voodoo fans will love—and probably already have—this, but for anyone else, I'd recommend either of the records previously mentioned over this one any day. —James Orme

Saul Williams

Self-Titled

Fader Label

Saul Williams = Zak de la Rocha + James Brown — Christianity

Williams adds nicely to his body of three poetry books, a movie and one other audio album (and other misc.) with this new disc—which is saying something, since his previous works are some of the most scintillating, intelligent, cohesive and touching pieces of accessible art produced in the last 10 years. His lyrical abilities are not quite as refreshing as his spoken-word poetry, but thick beats and melodies

produced by many instruments (electric violins, guitar, bass, drums, four-track, etc) fill in the overall sound to make something moving and what rap/rock should have been after its initiation into the world by *Run DMC* and (ugh) *Aerosmith*. Vibrant politics, social issues and the most important theme, love, are all laid down with as good a mix of lyrical steez and smarts as you will find nowadays. Check out his 11/3/04 show review at www.slugmag.com. —Nate Martin

Zolar X

Timeless

Alternative Tentacles

Zolar X = Chrome + Kansas + Spacehogs

The first couple of tracks on "Timeless" are reminiscent of *Hedwig & the Angry Inch* covering glam classics in a Pizza Hut, and you're thinking, "Hey, this isn't so bad." Then as the album progresses, it becomes more like the kind of "progressive" rock brought to us by the likes of *Kansas*, *America*, and that dude who performed on an ice-skating rink. Plus, it has poor production values. The liner notes are worth checking out, however. They say you can't put lipstick on a pig, but I guess back in mid-70s Memphis, they figured it was worth a try. It worked for *NY Doll* David Johansen. Supposedly it was Jello Biafra's idea to re-release this thing despite the fact that he hated glam. It all seems like a big inside joke, and you'd be better off buying another copy of *Jello + The Melvins* and giving it to a friend. —MC Welk

DVD Reviews

Against Me!

We're Never Going Home

Fat Wreck Chords

WNHG = Westway to the World + Get on the Bus + Billy Bragg

Neither a historical documentary nor footage of one legendary show, *We're Never Going Home* presents viewers with a glimpse of the inspiration and fuel for the music *Against Me!* makes—their lives. It just so happens that their lives (during April 2004 when this was filmed) consisted of touring, playing shows, drinking and being courted by major labels (Virgin, Universal, Island/Def Jam, Sire). The music is dirty

Southern soulful with sincere punk rock with subject matter solely concerning their personal views and experiences gained through eight or nine months spent out of every year on the road: poor and drunk and anarchic. *We're Never Going Home* has lots of concert footage, shows the band drinking label suits under the table on corporate expense accounts (and turning down their offers), locking *Taking Back Sunday* in their dressing rooms at an Ashbury, N.J., festival and much more. I wouldn't go home, either. —Nate Martin

Kylie Minogue

Body Language Live

Capitol

Kylie = Cats - T.S. Elliot.

Kylie's best live performances to date were the *Intimate* and *Live* shows when her spectacle and artistry were at their peak. These were amidst the least commercially successful days of her career. *Body Language Live* was a multi-million dollar production that serves as more of an introduction to her newest album than a greatest hits performance. The live show is only as strong as the new material which in this case wasn't nearly as successful as it was experimental. Her previous live DVD, *Fever Live*, is a more representative Kylie concert experience but many will be pleased to find the original version of "Can't Get You Out of My Head" is included here rather than the "Can't Get Blue Monday Out of My Head" version that was on *Fever Live*.

The Screamers

Live 1978 in San Francisco

Music Video Distributors/Target Video

The Screamers = The Screamers

For an aging punk lost in a cesspool of banality and progressing time, this is *Excalibur*, the greatest thing ever. The Screamers have always been legend—basically unrecorded and short-lived many years ago, but talked about with obscene reverence. And goddamn, these guys were beyond "too cool," beyond "ahead of their time." This DVD documents a concert coupled with a few in-studio performances and leaves me to plead why there couldn't have been more. A band with only two keyboard players and a drummer that was punker than anybody or anything? Wow. It has to be seen to be believed. Somebody needs to invent a time machine and go make these guys stay together so that they can save the musical world from itself—now!!! This is better than true love. If you don't obtain this DVD as soon as possible, you simply don't love music. —Jesus Harold

Eddie Izzard Unrepeatable, Definite Articles & Glorious

Anti-

Eddie Izzard = Jerry Seinfeld

+ Robin Williams

+ BBC Comedy

+ Mac Counter

* In America the 90's found Jerry Seinfeld and his quirky sense of everyday humor * while the British discovered Eddie Izzard. Seinfeld went to television and Izzard took to the stage. Seinfeld could be your next door neighbor. Izzard could be if your neighbor is a transvestite fueled by whatever it is that drives Robin Williams to the brink of insanity. These three DVD's capture Izzard as he finds and perfects his unpredictable brand of chaos comedy in the mid-90's preceding his 1998 masterpiece *Dressed to Kill*. Those who found his recent release, *Circle*, disappointing will be pleased to know that these three concerts have far more energy, insanity and edge confirming that Izzard is more often than not the funniest man alive.



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Aaron Cole

Aarotica

Aaron Cole = The Prodigy + Clover

With Aarotica, Aaron Cole, who has been involved in local projects for over a decade, blends repetitive electronic beats with dub and drum and bass with soft alt-rock and world music, resulting in an infectious dance mix for a party of monstrous proportions, or maybe just something to lose yourself in while soaking in Calgon. "Yesterday's Darling" is the best track due to the great beats, followed closely by "Seduction," "Bite Me" and The Prodigy-ish "On Drugz." Gritty is better than pretty. www.xortium.com

Beyond This Flesh

Self-Titled

Beyond This Flesh = At The Gates + The Black Dahlia Murder + Kreator + Total Chaos

Scream as high-pitched, loud and hard as you can—really hard!—for half an hour straight. You now have a feel for the vocals of Beyond This Flesh. Imagine the intense, technical yet thrashing riffs of any band from the Swedish death camps, then add some old-school Kreator or Slayer speed-drumming. Throw in some death growls from the second guitarist to complement the frantic shrieking of the main vocalist. Now add a picture of the Nauvoo temple burning on your CD artwork—perfect! Experiencing this band live is as close as you can get to having your face sonically ripped off! —The BUTCHER

Empty-Handed

Self-titled EP

Empty-Handed = Cat Stevens + Counting Crows

Empty-Handed could probably sell 3,000 copies of this EP on the U of U campus in a couple hours.

"I need time to think this whole life through/I'm so sick and tired of feeling blue" warbles Empty-Handed on "This Life" while alt-countryish emo arpeggios with a wicked pan in "Caution" make you feel like you're in a washing machine. All quite mediocre, but not necessarily so off-putting that you'll push open the door of said washing machine and struggle to escape drowning. musiclife47@hotmail.com

The Jukejoint 45's

Self-titled EP

The Jukejoint 45's = The Cramps +

Elvis + Robert Johnson

Grammar, children! If I see another Salt City CD's or Go-Go's emblem again, I'll maul. Plurals don't have apostrophes! Anyway, The Jukejoint 45's make some really kick-ass rockabilly that's not different from a dozen other rockabilly bands you've heard before, but what sets them apart is their ability to channel the true, primal, good-time, old-fashioned sound of genuine rockabilly with primal blues, unaffected flair and rummy, suave, Elvis-trembly vocals. Hell, they might even be good enough to tour with

The Reverend Horton Heat!

www.thejukejoint45s.com

Midnight Rhythm Combo

Self-titled

Midnight Rhythm Combo = Nikki Costa + 20 years of musical theory

Midnight Rhythm Combo is a disgustingly talented, tight and professional, blues combo with jazz

Seconds Away

Self-titled demo

Seconds Away = The Used + Gift Anon + Drive-Thru Records

OK, I put Gift Anon in there because of the tender vocals. Seconds Away should send their CDs only to Drive-Thru Records and Jade Tree and call it good. Seconds Away are pretty good at making emo that doesn't suck, thanks mostly to their un-cheesy, somewhat solemn chord progressions and the infrastructure of their music, which has enough changeup and semi-epic energy to keep one's attention. Only when the vocals hover dangerously near the olfactory might you twitch for your Colt. www.secondsaway.net

State & Stereo

Thinkstop

Gloworm Records

State & Stereo = New York Dolls + The Strokes + The Warlocks

Bratty, cheeky lo-fi rock equal parts pop, glam garage and psychedelic wash with heartrending piano is best when dipping closer to the latter two, traveling back two decades como T. Rex than sucking from fads two years young. State & Stereo's greatest strength is their gonzo variety in between tracks. Their greatest weakness is their gonzo variety in between tracks. But overall, heart and guts blend to make lovely roadkill and an emotive first effort from S&S.

QuettÈ Daddie

Reverse Psychology

JAMS

QuettÈ Daddie = Bert McCracken's publicity stunts + \$10 DI Casio

"Before music critic [sic] bash my music in a CD review, I think they should try to understand my music and my pain," says QuettÈ Daddie at the beginning of Reverse Psychology. Could he be talking about little ol' moi?

QuettÈ Daddie, your game's up! You complain about those "Latter-Day Saints" wanting to sue you over your last album, *The Return Missionary LP*, the IRS

auditing you over child support and that, despite numerous MTV appearances, you get no respect. Those things may have happened, but deep down inside, I know

you like long walks on the beach, fuzzy scratch n' sniff stickers and *Martha Stewart Magazine*. Your lyrics are funnier than ever; bordering on rapping genius, especially when you complain about Utah cops in "American Justice," but you need to drop the fronting and proclaim who you really are—the new R. Kelly sans pedastry. And damn if you don't still need to drop that Casio. word_of_mouth155@hotmail.com



State & Stereo

Thinkstop

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State & Stereo = New York Dolls + The Strokes + The Warlocks



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Something that differentiates us from other bands is our songwriting," Austin Parton singer/guitarist of SLC's Take The Fall explains. "Every song you'll hear on our CD is a true story."

"When you listen to Austin's lyrics, they're very personal & honest," proclaims lead guitarist, Chris Alter. "It's almost like you're hearing a journal entry. I see a lot of bands lean more toward metaphors."

After hearing their recently recorded five-song EP called *Love Is A Battlefield*, these statements proved to be true. I describe their music as straight and to the point, with force and punch to it. The lyrics add sorrow, which helps strengthen the dynamic energy of the songs.

TTF grew up together in Murray and Taylorsville, gaining experience in the local music scene by playing in various projects. "We've known each other since seventh grade," Chris told me. "Austin and I have been friends since we were four or five."

Daniel McAllister, bass player, has been in the band for its entirety, and Burt Hogan's involvement as the band drummer has been a bit of a flip-flop.

"I left the band early on because I had a lot of pressure to go to school," says Burt. "I left for college but school just wasn't for me." After leaving college, Burt returned to the band and is now their permanent drummer.

"What we want to do is tour and promote

this CD," Burt said. "It took us a long time and a lot of effort to record it." They haven't made it out touring just yet, but plan to begin soon.

All four members are under 21 and seem quite passionate about their goals toward furthering the band. They were all gracious to be given the chance to be spotlighted in SLUG, and were fortunately missing the rock-star mentality that often accompanies a band so musically seasoned.

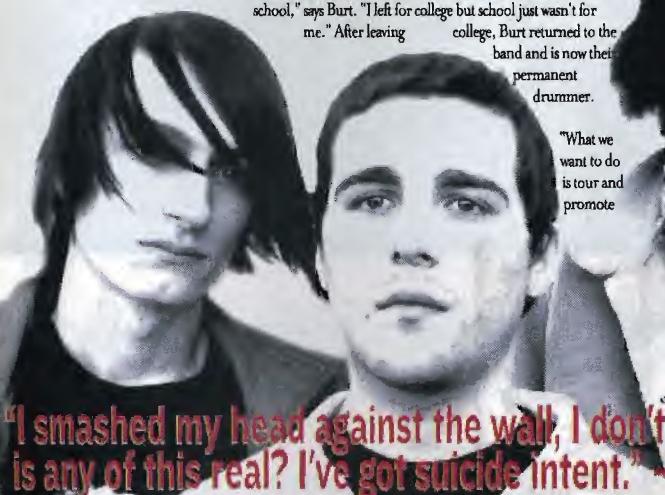
They describe their music as, simply, indie rock. "We all grew up listening to punk rock although we're not anything near punk rock," Chris mentioned. Burt went on to say, "Locally, we kind of sound like Hudson River School."

Killy Court took up a huge portion of our conversation. They told me Killy treats them like family, and they all love the place.

Gared Moses

Take The Fall will be throwing their CD release party on Friday, Dec. 17 at Killy Court. You can also catch them live at La-Fi CafÈ on Dec. 21/w/89 Cubs. Check them out on the web at www.myspace.com/takethetfall.

Photo: Shannon D'Amico



"I smashed my head against the wall, I don't bleed at all... I've forgotten how to feel, is any of this real? I've got suicide intent." -Take the Fall

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CORNDOGS WRAPPED IN BACON.

Few people are aware that pretty much every snowboard in stock at the local shop is manufactured overseas.

You just might be astonished to find that one of the **largest** and one of the **few** snowboard manufacturers that exists in North America is located in

Orem, Utah.

BY ROB PACKER

For an example, see the **SLUG** Summer of Death board in the hand of Jason Gaiencheta on page 40 of October's issue of **SLUG**!

Go to www.rideharder.com for Revolution can help you to put together the board of your dreams.

Revolution Snowboards

evolved from Utah companies Caution, Evoluton and Miller Ski Company. However, today it is run by a completely different group of

people that what it branched out of—mostly local **native**

Utahns that are avid snowboarders and skiers completely dedicated to the cause.

From the ground up, snowboards are manufactured from high-quality materials, starting with the woodcore that is cut and drilled in a small section of the factory. That's followed by multiple layers of fiberglass and P-tex being added and fine-tuning the edges. All graphics are printed in house, then pressed at the plant. The many layers are then molded by one of the many presses that heat to thousands of degrees, then cooled.

The one thing that separates revolution from other companies is their custom board team, which consists of everyone in the factory. For cheaper than your run-of-the-mill name-brand snowboard at a shop,

you can design your own.

You can select your own shape and size, then your own pictures or drawing as personalized graphics. That's right, **YOUR** very own, one-of-a-kind board.

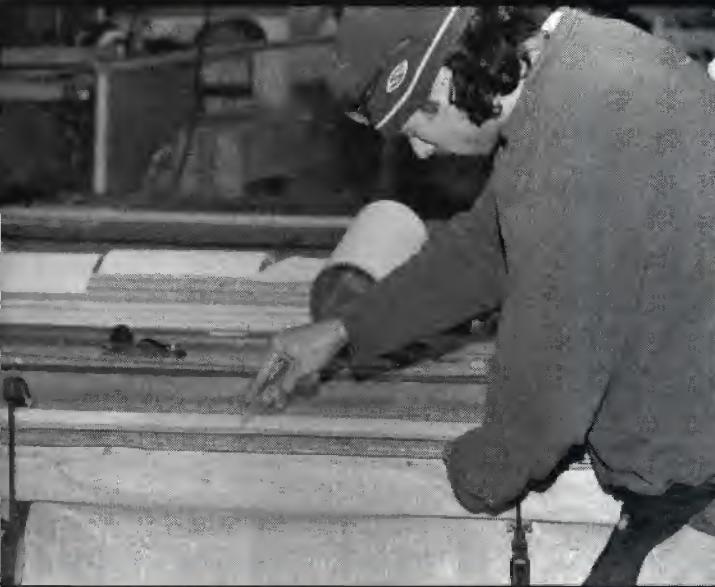
The goal behind Revolution is to get their name out there on the market, building the best America has to offer. Bringing American snowboards back to America—especially in Utah. From what **SLUG** officials saw on a tour of the factory, they have the means and determination to do so. These boards are

hand-crafted with pride and

quality in mind.

The Revolution team has also installed a TF (tranning facility) at the factory that can be used in spring, summer, winter or fall. It is a tower standing at 20 feet tall, dropping to a bump with ledges on both sides and a rail in the center. Believe me, it is intimidating at first. Warm up. Competitions were held there earlier this year—watch for more on this beast.

Revolution will also be a major sponsor of this year's **SLUG** Meltdown and Winter Games. Watch for events and dates in Josh Scheuerman's Ketchup column in **SLUG** or the local shop or bar.



Brady Fox
Jared Norby
Captains of the Ship

REVOLUTION THRIVES AS ONE OF THE ONLY SNOWBOARD MANUFACTURERS IN THE U.S.

There used to be a far greater amount of snowboarding manufacturers on American soil just five years ago, but now there are only about 10 facilities like Revolution left in the U.S.

Most of the other snowboarding companies moved their manufacturing headquarters to China and countries overseas where labor is cheaper and profit margins are higher. Sweatshops are one of the unfortunate results of globalization, which takes jobs away from the U.S., affecting the economy adversely.

The factory is open to the public on certain days and hours. Just give

them a call at **801-223-9500** for info. Revolution Manufacturing is located in Orem at 1185 N. 1200 West and their website is www.rideharder.com. Support local manufacturers and don't give your dollars to companies that hire sweatshops!

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Conrad Dick
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A YOUNG BOY IS
ON HIS WAY HOME
WHEN HE COMES UPON
A PIG. THE BOY...



KICKS THE PIG.
FARTHER DOWN
THE ROAD THE BOY
COMES UPON A MILK
COW. THE YOUNG
BOY KICKS THE
COW...



WHEN THE BOY ARRIVES HOME HIS MOTHER TELLS HIM

YOUNG MAN I SAW
YOU KICK THAT PIG!
FOR THAT, YOU GET
NO BACON !!!



I ALSO SAW YOU
KICK THAT COW!!!
FOR THAT, YOU GET
NO MILK!!!



KICKS THE CAT.
THE BOY TURNS TO
HIS MOTHER AND
ASKS...

DO YOU WANT TO
TELL HIM, OR
SHOULD I ?

WHEN THE BOY'S
FATHER COMES HOME
HE

by SRI & Greg

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THE DATES:

March 19

Park City Mountain Resort

April 9

Brighton Ski Resort

April 30

In The Venue

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Katch Up

As for Utah resort news, ALL resorts are OPEN to the public with the exception of the following, which will be opening shortly. Enjoy!

Deer Valley - Dec. 4
Sundance - Dec. 10
Beaver - no set date

For the month of December, there are also plenty of discounts to be had out there for charities at different resorts. Here are a few chances to help the needy and help your wallet.

Brighton Ski Resort

Feed the Needy- Ride or ski for \$10.25 at Brighton on Dec. 15, 2004 when you bring a bag of non-perishable food. Support the Utah Food Bank!

Ride or ski for \$10.25 at Brighton on Dec. 8, 2004 when you bring a "Toy for Tots."

Park City Mountain Resort

Park City Education Foundation Snow Day- PCMR will host a fundraiser for the Park City Education Foundation on Dec. 3, 2004. All proceeds to benefit PCEF. All ticket proceeds will go to the Park City Education Foundation. Lift tickets are \$15 if purchased by Dec. 2.

In Utah Terrain Park News, the newest craze for resort purchases this year is going to be making superpipes—supergreat!

Park City Mountain Resort, Brighton, Snowbird, Snowbasin and The Canyons will all have state-of-the-art new halfpipes for the 2004-'05 season.

Snowbird- At 50 feet wide and 345 feet long, this pipe will be featured in the Big Emma Park.

Snowbasin- The superpipe will be approximately 340 feet long with 17-foot walls and a 19-degree, or 34 percent, slope. The uniqueness of this pipe is that it is serviced by its own lift and may have its own discount lift ticket.

The Canyons- We have two natural halfpipes open—Hurricane Alley and Tunnel of Fun, both located on Saddleback Express.

So you want to learn how to ride the park or pipe at your favorite resort, but the lift goes right over the park and you don't want to fall in front of everyone, right? I mean, snowboarding is mostly about image, right?

The Utah Winter Games Learn to Ride program does just that. You can sign up to learn how to ride the pipe like a pro and tackle the meanest rail without wrecking your grill. Here are a couple that are going down in December, but check out the website for future clinics: www.utahwintergames.org

Park City Mountain Resort - Located at the Pick-n-Shovel Park on Dec. 4, learn the basic skills in a group format. Pre-registration

required: 9:00 a.m.-9:30 a.m., Legacy Lodge Clinic. Time: 10:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. Instructors: Park City Snowboard School. Cost: Free instruction and beginner lift ticket. Bring: Free rental available, or you can bring your own equipment. Questions: uwg@xmision.com

Dec. 11 will be the opening of PCMR Pick-n-Shovel Park, voted 2005 Terrain Park of the Year by *Transworld Snowboarding* magazine. DC Shoes will be rocking the slopes with prizes and handouts.

The Roxy girls have been in town shooting for next year's catalogs and if you haven't seen them at your resort hitting tree jumps, catch them Dec. 17-18; Park City Mountain Resort is hosting the **Roxy Chicken Jam** featuring top female snowboarders in a slopestyle competition.

For more information, check out http://www.pcride.com/on_the_mountain/events_chicken_jam.html

For the weekend of Dec. 24-25, visit any resort to see Santa shredding the slopes while handing out candy and presents. When the eggnog wears off, head down to **Todd's Bar & Grill** for the annual **SLUG** and **Todd's Christmas Party** featuring **Callow**.

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Local bands! Submit tracks now for a chance to appear on Death by Salt II: A SLUG Magazine Compilation, the wet-your-pants-in-anticipation follow-up to the 3-CD boxset Death by Salt I that was released February 2004. www.slugmag.com

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Melanie Ann Hibbard

Aug. 30, 1976-Nov. 18, 2004

You left us so unexpectedly. Our hearts have felt such loss. We have been graced by your presence, moved by your laughter and touched by your heart. The void you are leaving will not ever be filled. You made your mark in the world with such strength and poise. You were an amazing climber, a beautiful artist, a daughter, sister, lover and friend. You gave of yourself so willingly. The heavens are now complete. We miss you—we love you. You are my angel. —Harvest Pixler



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SLUG

THE DAILY CALENDAR

12.04

SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SLUG CALENDAR ARE DUE BY THE 1ST OF THE MONTH. FAX TO 487.1359 OR EMAIL DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM.

Friday December 3

The Ozzmenz, Coldfire, Achilles Last Stand—*Big Easy*
Nota-Bean, The Silent, Our Time In Space, AM Feed—*Burt's*
Silent I, Glacial, El Tor—*Kilby*
Smackwater, Edgar's Mule, Bad Luck Blues Band—*Liquid Joes*
Undermined, Have That Girl Killed, To No Avail, Artryon, Burning the Stillframes—*Lo-Fi*
Art of Modern Rock Publication Party/Exhibit—Ken Sanders
Adonis—*Monks*
2 Live Crew—*Suede*
Glacial—*Sugarbeats*

The Body, Mindstate, Bloswick—*Todds*
I Am Electric CD Release Party, Red Bennies, On Vibrato—*Urban Lounge*
Skare Tactic, Bring it Down, Don't Trust Anybody—*Wagstaff*
Melissa Pace Quartet—*Zanzibar*

Saturday December 4

Nutcracker on the Harpsichord—*Black Chandelier Boutique*
Pagan Love Gods—*Burt's*
The Dregs, Skieff D Barry The Fray, AKA Drones—*Burt Murdoe Music*
Rize, Finally Friday, Unspoken Truth—*The Circuit*
Hoodropone—*Ego's*

The Middle Distance, The New Transit Direction, On Vibrato CD release, I Am Electric CD Release—*Kilby*
Royal Bliss CD Release, Broke, AM Feed—*Lo-Fi*

The Aquabats, Vendetta Red—*Sound*
The Mourning After, New Years End, My Anathema, Birds of Paradise—*Sherry Nights*

Thee Elephant Men, Mananero, Bronco—*Todds*

Onda-Inventada—*Urban Lounge*
Denots, Pigface—*The View*
Fat Soul—*Zanzibar*

Sunday December 5

Sweatin Willy—*Burt's*
Moot Davis, Pete Anderson—*Ego's*
Drowning Pool, Hed PE, Jesus Rides a Rickshaw, A Death of Us All—*Lo-Fi*
Joseph Arthur—*Sound*

Cattle Decapitation, Between the Buried and Me, Darkest Hour, Fear Before the March of Flames—*Wagstaff*

Monday December 6

DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*
Edith Frost, Manishevitz—*Crazy Goat*
Cowboys Aren't Indians, Edith Frost, Nate Padley, Manishevitz—*Kilby*
Kaddisfly, Larusso CD Release, Vox Carnage, Ayin—*Lo-Fi*
Joel Miller—*Sugarbeats*
Dokken—*Velvet Room*

Harry Lee Back Alley Blues—*Zanzibar*

Tuesday December 7

Jamie Jameson—*Burt's*
Joint Compound, The Masturbating Hearts—*Ego's*
Gwar, Dying Fetus, All That Remains—*Lo-Fi*
Kal Corp Xen,

Our Time and Space—*Todds*
Cabaret Voltage—*Urban Lounge*
Loosefunk, One Five, Volition, Scarecrow, Eye of the Potato—*Vortex*
Wayne Christiansen, Mark Chaney—*Zanzibar*

Wednesday December 8

Funk You Up—*Burt's*
Until Further Notice, Ienoah—*Kilby*
The Chemistry, Houston Calls, The Contingency Plan, The Chemistry, Chronic Future—*Lo-Fi*
Strung Out, A Wilhelm Scream, Haste the Day, Only Crime—*Sound*

Ron Maestas—*Sugarbeats*
Fat Soul—*Zanzibar*

Thursday December 9

COSM, DJ Focus—*DV8*
Weatherbed—*Ego's*
Heemerly, November 8, id—*Kilby*
Beautiful Mistake, Name Taken, Liars Academy, Anadivine, Murrieta, Brietone—*Lo-Fi*

The Happies—*Monks*

Melissa Pace—*Zanzibar*

Friday December 10

Jared Gold Runway Show—*Black Chandelier Boutique*
Kalcorpsken, Agape, Oxido Republica—*Burt's*
6FDN—*Club Vegas*

Girls Rock Camp, Chubby Bunny, Siletto—*Kilby*

Debi Graham Band—*Liquid Joes*
The Pleasant Scene, Brietone, Asher Grey—*Lo-Fi*

Paula Poundstone—*Mo Diggity's*
The Album, Starmy—*Monks*

Mary Tebbs, Lisa Marie—*Sugarbeats*
Adonis—*Todds*

SLUG Localized w/ Skint, Invisible Rays, Ghundi—Urban Lounge

The English Beat, The Untouchables—*Velvet Room*

Blues On First—*Zanzibar*

Saturday December 11

The Wolfs—*Burt's*
Greely Estates, In Camera, Gym Class Hero—*Lo-Fi*

Monica Borschel's B-Day!

The Paper Chase, Chin Up Chin Up, Make Believe, Victorla—*Kilby*

Greely Estates, My American Heart, In Camera, Hot Like a Robot—*Lo-Fi*

Converge, Aftermath of a Trainwreck, Clifton, Gaza—*Sound*

Chris Bjorn, Braden Ya—*Sugarbeats*

Die Monster Die, Fuse, The

Abominations, The Thirteenth Hour—*Tatsukan*

The Breaks, Late Night Sleep TV, Andeles—*Todds*

Elephanthe, Sabrina Blackburn—*Urban Lounge*

The Debonairs, Guhndi, The Invisible

Rays, After the Party—*Weber State*

Zion Tribe—*Zanzibar*

Sunday December 12

Sweatin Willy—*Burt's*

Red Rock Hot Club,

No Star Jazz Trio—*Sugarbeats*

Monday December 13

DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*
Eric McFadden Trio—*Ego's*
Boys Night Out, From First to Last, Roses are Red, Have That Girl Killed—*Lo-Fi*

Harry Lee Back Alley Blues—*Zanzibar*

Tuesday December 14

Thee Elephant Men—*Burt's*
Honky, Spin Hitch—*Club Vegas*
Call Me Lightning, Victorola, Laser Gold—*Crazy Goat*

Eye of the Potato—*Liquid Joes*

When it Rains—*Todds*

Rifle Street Music—*Urban Lounge*

Wayne Christiansen, Mark Chaney—*Zanzibar*

Harry Lee Back Alley Blues—*Zanzibar*

Tuesday December 15

Left For Dead, Animosity, Sweatin Willy—*Burt's*
Supersofar—*Liquid Joes*

The 89 Cubs, Take the Fall, The Actuals, Jessica Something Jewish, The Adonis—*Lo-Fi*

The Jokes—*Todds*

Our Time and Space, Furthermore—*Urban Lounge*

Wayne Christiansen, Mark Chaney—*Zanzibar*

Wednesday December 22

Funk You Up—*Burt's*
Kottonmouth Kings, Pepper—*In the Venue*

Elephant—*Liquid Joes*

Ron Maestas—*Sugarbeats*

Kan-nal—*Urban Lounge*

Fat Soul—*Zanzibar*

Thursday December 23

Swamp Donkeys, Sweatin Willy, Thunderfist, Iota—*Burt's*
SLUG & Todd's X-Mas party w/ Calow—*Todds*

Fry Sauce—*Urban Lounge*

Melissa Pace—*Zanzibar*

Friday December 24

Xmas Eve Karaoke Party—*Burt's*
The Art of Kamly—*Monks*
Kate McLeod—*Sugarbeats*

Saturday December 25

Happy Fucking Nondenominational Holidays, You Pricks X-Mas Karaoke Party—*Burt's*

Sunday December 26

Sweatin Willy—*Burt's*

Monday December 27

DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*

Harry Lee Back Alley Blues—*Zanzibar*

Tuesday December 28

Broke—*Liquid Joes*

The Domestics—*Todds*

Twelve State Killing Spree—*Urban Lounge*

Wayne Christiansen, Mark Chaney—*Zanzibar*

Wednesday December 29

Funk You Up—*Burt's*

The Body—*Liquid Joes*

Reckless Kelly—*Suede*

Addison Groove Project—*Urban Lounge*

Fat Soul—*Zanzibar*

Thursday December 30

Debi Graham Band—*Ego's*

Ted Dancin, Vile Blue Shades—*Urban Lounge*

Melissa Pace—*Zanzibar*

Friday December 31

Wicked Diamond—*Burt's*

New Year's Eve Party—*Club Vegas*

The Spazmatics—*Liquid Joes*

Starmy, The Wolfs—*Urban Lounge*

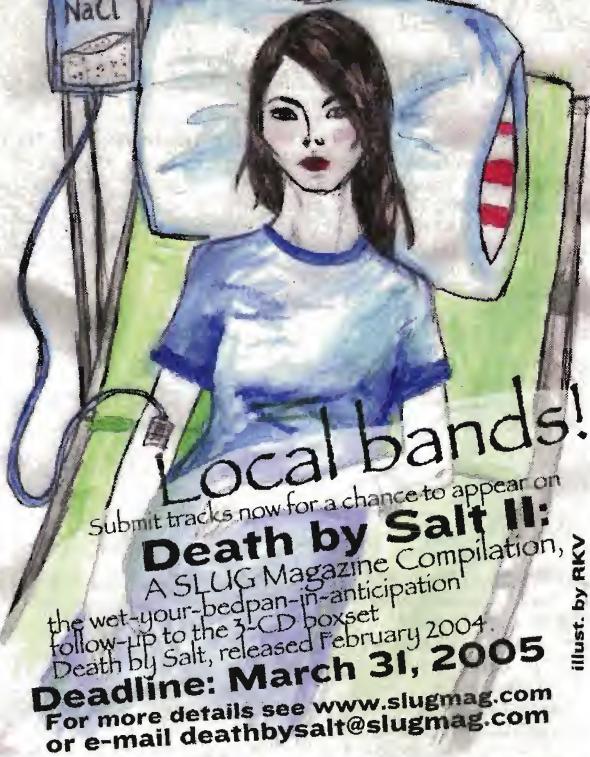
New Year's Masquerade Party—*Zanzibar*

Saturday January 1

Angel City Outcast, Salt City Bandits, The Front—*Lo-Fi*

The Monday Nights—*Todds*

It's Back...



Local bands!

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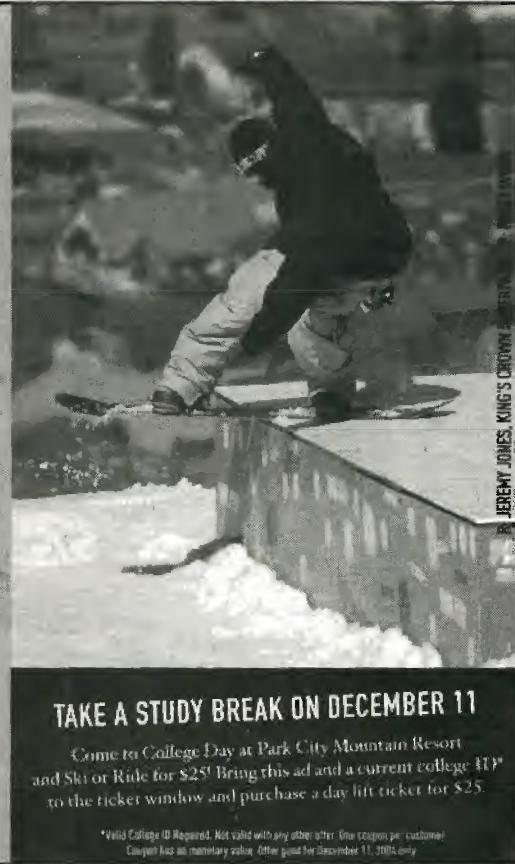
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December KILBY COURT Calendar

01- \$5 6:00 pm

Ben Helland
Chris Bjorn
Coerce in Moderation
Dusn't Matter

02- \$6 7:30 pm

State & Stereo
The Annuals
The Good Bites
CARRIER (w/ Adrienne of
the Anniversary)

03- \$5 7:30 pm

Silent I
Glacial
El Toro

04- \$5 7:30 pm

The Middle Distance
The New Transit Direction
On Vibrato CD Release
I am Electric CD Release

06- \$6 7:00 pm

Cowboys Aren't Indians
Manishevitz
EDITH FROST
Nate Padley

08- \$5 7:00 pm

Until Further Notice
Jenoah

09- \$5 7:30 pm

Heemerfly
November's
id

10- \$6 7:30 pm

Girls Rock Camp
Chubby Bunny
Stilleto

11- \$6 7:30 pm

Victrola
CHIN UP CHIN UP
MAKE BELIEVE (feat. Tim Kinsella)
THE PAPER CHASE

15- \$6 7:00 pm

SUTOL

16- \$5 7:00 pm

Dead Lip
Robbed

17- \$6 7:30 pm

The Contingency Plan
Take The Fall CD release

18- \$6 7:00 pm

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